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# Life and Light for Woman.

VOL. XXVII.

MAY, 1897.

No. 5.

MEXICO.

THE CONDITION OF ITS WOMEN TO-DAY.

BY MRS. GERTRUDE C. EATON.

THAT a wonderful change is being wrought in the social and public life of Mexico, is undeniably true; and the recent series of articles in *Harper's Magazine*, entitled the "Awakening of a Nation," presents in a forcible manner the truth that railroads, telegraph lines, telephones, electric lights, and good public schools are all doing much toward developing rapidly the latent possibilities of the descendants of Guatemoc. Outside of the principal cities, however, this change is not so marked, and if one leaves the great highway of the Mexican Central Railroad, and penetrates into the country districts, there will be found the same ignorance of, and indifference to, the great world about, that there has always been. Within sixty miles of Chihuahua City, it is easy to find many people who have never even seen the capital, who regard with superstitious fear the thought of a locomotive, and who believe that the railroad is the greatest enemy their country ever had. You will find numbers, also, who have never learned to read, and who feel no ambition even to have their children learn. And yet, the gospel of Jesus Christ, preached by some



THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1897.

the greatest enemy their country ever had. You will find numbers, also, who have never learned to read, and who feel no ambition even to have their children learn. And yet, the gospel of Jesus Christ, preached by some

humble colporteur or Mexican evangelist, has been known to awaken in such hearts a thirst to know more, and a desire to be able to read for themselves. The entrance into such a town of the weekly or semi-monthly religious paper is a wonderful educative influence in itself, and the coming of an American *hacendado*, or miner, to take charge of the little country community, whether sent by a missionary society or not, will, if he be the right kind of a man, result in a school that will awaken these, also, to the fact that they are living in the nineteenth century. Quiet Christian influences are at work in this land, and have their part, also, in helping on its progress.

This fact is recognized by some of the leaders of the nation, as one instance will help to show. President Diaz recently visited the city of Guadalajara, and the American colony there tendered him a reception, at which our missionary, John Howland, was asked to make the address. The President responded with evident emotion; and, among other grateful and appreciative things, said that the present prosperity of Mexico was owing, in great measure, to the presence and aid of its American residents.

We who have lived here for fifteen years, and to whom the mayor of the city said when we first arrived, "The people here are two hundred years behind the age;" who have seen such great changes in so short a time, marvel that a man of Mr. Lummis's keen observation of material things could have deliberately shut his eyes to the share that Christian influences have had in this "Awakening of a Nation." That he could have become so familiar with the streets of Chihuahua, and yet have ignored completely the stately church that crowns the brow of the hill on the principal street leading to the Alameda, which he must have passed many times on Sunday afternoon, and where he might have seen, any Sunday morning, a company of a hundred and twenty-five Mexicans, of all ages, engaged in studying the word of God. We wonder that in his minute study of the excellent public schools of our city, he should not have inquired even for the only two Christian schools in the place; that he should not have informed himself and his readers that the first school in the city to introduce modern desks, maps, text-books, and English, now in demand in all the schools, was the mission school, known as the *Colegio Chihuahuense*, and that at least four or five schools in the State, where no school for girls existed, have been started, and carried on by girls educated in the same school.

But what of woman in these fifteen years? How has the awakening affected her? Has the sleeping beauty been aroused from the sleep of ages, and does she respond to the voice of her awakener? Most decidedly, yes. Whereas, a generation ago, it was unusual to teach a girl to write; now the public schools are open to girls as well as to boys, and industrial and normal



A VILLA IN CHIHUAHUA.

schools fit them to earn their living honestly. Mexican women are proving themselves the equals of any of their sex as teachers, and are beginning to take positions at the telephone, not as yet, that I know of, the more public place of telegraphy, and one woman, in Mexico City, has been given the degree of M.D. The central telephone office of this city is occupied by two sisters, who received their education in our schools, and their knowledge of English, which is indispensable to the position, was, no doubt, what enabled them to get it.

Socially, woman is still much restricted in Mexico, though even these customs are becoming modified by the example of so many foreign residents. In the first year of our residence here, a lady and gentleman were never seen on the street together, even husbands and wives, but it is now not unusual to see the sexes walking freely together, and even driving in company.

It is, however, not proper that any familiar intercourse should be had before marriage, even during the courting days. The old custom of "playing the bear"\* still prevails, and it is rare, I imagine, that the ardent lover ever has an opportunity to speak alone with the object of his adoration. At their balls there is one dance, known as the lover's dance (*la danza*), which is so slow in its rhythm as to allow time for occasional interchange of words, and the young people are not slow to make use of this chance. Immediately upon the conclusion of the dance, the young lady must be returned to her mamma or chaperon, and the young men range themselves on the other side of the room. At a wedding in high life, at Christmas time, at which my husband was the officiating minister, the couple being Americans, though connected with the first Mexican families of the city, I, innocently chatting with an American physician who was present, suddenly became aware that I was the only lady besides the bride who was conversing with one of the other sex, who were all seated on the further side of the room!

Temperance societies are as yet unknown, though sorely needed here. The supper that evening was plentifully supplied with wines of which all partook, with the solitary exception of the minister and his wife; and at the close of the collation, all the gentlemen went to another room, where cigars, coffee, and liquors were served.

The Mexican wife is virtuous, and as a mother is most loving and devoted, but unwise in the training of her children. Obedience is not enforced, and *el no quiere* (he does not want to) is a sufficient excuse for any lack in fulfillment of duty.

The Mexican woman is religious, devoted to her church, and loyal to its priests. When such a devotee comes to know the liberty of the gospel, and

\* See *Ladies' Home Journal* for February.



the beauty of holiness as it is revealed in Christ only, she becomes a power in the church and a consecrated worker. One who is capable of kneeling in the public street, at sight of a carriage bearing the host to some dying soul, as I saw a well-dressed woman do last week, will not hesitate to confess her Lord and Master before the world, when she comes to recognize him as her Saviour.

But the bonds of custom and of society are strongly fastened upon these women of the upper classes, and even though they may feel kindly toward the Bible teaching, as I know many of them do, it takes great resolution to break away from friends and relatives, and the "religion of our fathers."

"The common people heard him gladly," is true here, as elsewhere. We do not see Parisian hats and tailor-made gowns on the women of our congregation. They still cling to the loose dress and *tapalo* (black shawl) of their nation. But true and devoted hearts beat beneath those black shawls, and their wearers fear not to trample on time-honored customs, if so they may carry the Water of Life to other thirsty souls.

At the recent assembly of Christian workers in Mexico, woman's work was the subject of one afternoon. After the presentation of an excellent paper by Miss Susan Jones, of the Baptist Church, whose work is entirely in the homes of the people, the question was asked, if she had never had any difficulty, through going alone about her mission work, which is against the custom of the country. She replied that she had visited the worst parts of the city, but had never received an insulting word. A young Mexican woman, who works in the same way, was called upon, and gave similar testimony, adding, "We go not alone, for Christ is with us." A member of our church who visits the city hospital, took with her a girl from our school, to speak English with some Americans who were there, and who listened gladly to the words of invitation and truth from the lips of a Mexican girl.

Thank God, there are many Mexican women who have truly become "new creatures in Christ Jesus."

CHIHUAHUA, March 12, 1897.

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## COLEGIO CHIHUAHUENSE.

BY MISS MARY F. LONG.

POINTS of view are exceedingly numerous, and having the advantage of a writer's choice, I shall ask you all to step with me to the sunny side of our beloved school. Not that there are no difficulties, no disappointing girls, but after a year and a half in its very heart, though now far removed, the



THE SCHOOLROOM AT CHIHUAHUA.

school has come habitually to represent to me a glad, strengthening hope. Its atmosphere, the order, the punctuality, the self-respect, if I may so call it, are an invigorating oxygen. The work done there, be it geography or numbers, ancient history or natural science, is important,—important enough to take precedence of visitors, feast days, or even Christian Endeavor sociables, which do not dare to suggest themselves on other than Friday nights. Contrary to the trying Mexican custom of suspending whatever recitation may be in progress on the entrance of friends, in the Chihuahua school such value is placed on a common, daily recitation, that even on the Friday afternoon programmes, to which the parents are especially welcomed, the prominent feature is regular class work. The community's estimate of the school is growing in this way. Ignorant parents begin to feel some pride in the evident advancement of their children, and place a value on what before was but a dimly realized obligation to send them to school if,—oh that innumerable train of ifs that make some children's attendance so precarious; happily they are growing less as the will increases.

The bright schoolroom is a pleasant and privileged place to the pupils. Pre-eminently a work room, there is never disorder even during relaxation. Playing and loud talking are left in the court yard. She who enters there feels an involuntary desire to compose herself, and looks around for a book. The desk presents its huge dictionary, of course, and a neat pile of constantly changing reference books. The records, too, are at hand; and how inexorably the tardy marks are reiterated, until what seemed impossible is a reality, and those of the house at least regard scrupulously the daily calls to duty.

The vase of flowers is seldom missing, nor blossoming plants in the windows. How it helps one to glance up at their serene, struggleless existence. They have a right to rest in their perfection, and so we, too, shall attain and rest.

The very closets of Miss Hammond's schoolroom are educational; locked they are; books, and pencils, and ink bottles distributed and collected with care. Those who have not lived in Mexico will not realize how much this lesson is needed, especially among the poor where improvidence forever hinders rising, but much more is it needed where nature herself induces to prodigality, and it almost seems a national fable (I speak of the poor) that everything grows. Our own books and little accumulations of industry and care are looked upon, we often realize, as gifts of the gods. The value and care of books, the dignity and responsibility of possession, are not often learned from a text, but may be from closets.

The beautiful blackboards, Miss Holcomb's gift, are another significant feature in the school. Not only are they clean and neat, but a real index to

the various lines of work in progress. I have seen a whole menagerie depicted by the zoölogy class. Curious flowers and interesting structures are posted by the students of botany. Maps are frequent, and outlines of history, the new, difficult word in the English lesson, the ruling sovereigns of the day, the first perfect long-division problem, how endless are the inspiring records seen there, stirring in all the commendable ambition to know and produce something worthy of the common attention. But all of this, you say, is what we would find in any New England village. I grant it, to the honor of New England; but it is just what we find in few Mexican institutions. So let me repeat as noteworthy the atmosphere of this Chihuahua school, its order, punctuality, self-respect, and sense of responsibility, touching in every one of these points a national weakness, in our girls. The school with the best course of study, that fails in these respects in Mexico, must fail also to produce vigorous, educated character.

The home department has been under Miss Dunning's loving charge now for six years. The two long dormitories, divided into tiny apartments for two girls each, have excited much comment among the natives, to whom privacy is almost unknown. This year a girls' parlor has been fitted up, and last year a library opened. To some of the girls who have been in the school five, six, or even more years, it is home indeed. Amid all of the joyous anticipation of the first graduation this summer there is a certain sadness in remembering that it also means a break in the home circle. The trio, Lydia, Josefa, Jesusita,\* will be greatly missed.

They are all second generation girls, as we may call them. From San Buenaventura, in the mountains of northern Chihuahua, a little band of believers traveled one hundred and sixty miles to be received into an evangelical church during the early years of Mr. and Mrs. Eaton's work. Among them was the father of our Lydia, then a tiny little girl. Thus she has grown up among a small company of those who kept the Lord's Day, and met for worship. She is darker than her picture, to the left, shows, with passive Indian stolidity, but a smile, if you can win it, a flash from some soulful depths, that only the diamond true can show. Lydia must grow much yet, and in her quiet village, amid the round of homely duties and the companionship of those who understand not many of her joys and aspirations, do we not fear retrogression? No, she has had a "vision of the world, and all the beauty that may be." Narrow walls can never again shut in the soul that has found its wings. God bless our Lydia.

From the same beautiful valley comes Josefa, daughter of one of the first preachers sent out from the El Paso school. There is a peculiar tenderness in our thoughts of this bright, attractive, motherless girl. A surface life

\* See cut on page 193.

she lived naturally, finding it easy and enjoyable to dominate her companions. Surely no girl ever received more willing admiration from her schoolmates, nor wore more graciously an invisible crown, than Josefa. She, too, has had the vision. Real joys and pleasures have been found that make the former things, we have reason to judge, of paling worth. If all desires are fulfilled, next year will find her still in the school, a most capable and useful assistant. A real talent for teaching has been shown in her conduct of practice work required in the course. We could wish her to devote herself to the work, but God's ways are not our ways, and we accept the future that seems to open for her, trusting that the young man, who is patiently waiting, may prove worthy of so bright and lovable a wife, and that he will help her to make a true Christian home, to the glory of God and the help of Mexico.

Jesusita, the one to the right, is the oldest of all the students, and has also a precious Christian inheritance. She is the one truly unselfish girl among them. Having already taught several years, she is more established in character, and, in spite of considerable self-depreciation, has a love and sense of duty and Christian experience that enable her to take a leading part when required. Would that I could make you all love these dear girls, as we do. Do not look into their faces casually, as we glance at each other in the street, but let a prayer for each one rise from hundreds of hearts,—dear girls, like your own girls at home,—with life before them, starting out bravely, the sunshine on their faces, to be buffeted, we know, with sordid claims and lack of sympathy. May they be strong, vigorous souls in Christ that can lift up others. They must, or be themselves dragged down.

I should like to introduce every one of the twenty boarders to you. Ciria, dear child of our prayers; Maria, born in a Catholic chapel and wrapped in a saint's own cloak, the soul-burdened Maria; Ismaela, whose unconverted father is prince of his little village; Evarista, who made cheeses all summer to earn her return. Of the day pupils, too, you should know Mercedes, who writes, "I want to know more of the Truth of God," and Francisca and Julia, to whom school has been indeed the Beautiful Gate into the Temple of God.

Sixty girls, day and boarding pupils, two lady missionaries, one resident Mexican assistant, one large rambling building,—thus runs the simple inventory of the Chihuahua school. Could we look above, however, might not a far different record appear in the books of God? Sixty girls? Rather sixty precious souls brought from darkness into light, and almost without exception, into His love and love of him. By what name God would enter two missionaries, who can tell?—servants, or friends, or daughters of the

King? A native teacher might read, first fruits of a golden harvest; and even the building in Heaven's own truer language, I imagine, may bear the name of some marvelous cocoon, from Him who has placed within its sheltering walls that mysterious life from which not one only, but hundreds of beautiful souls shall fly away.

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## JOYFUL DAYS IN GUADALAJARA.

BY MRS. SARA B. HOWLAND.

It seems as though there never were so many things for which to praise God as the last year has brought us, and it is most fitting that we should try to tell of his loving kindness, that the dear home friends may join us in thanksgiving.

It is not quite a year since the life of a dear child hung in the balance, and the little band of missionaries met with us to pray for special guidance. Soon came the answer, in the suggestion of the physician that we should at once start for the United States as the last hope for recovery; and, in a few hours, we were ready. Loving friends packed our bags with every comfort and luxury that affection could imagine; both Americans and Mexicans thronged the house with offers of assistance; and it was a touching sight as the long file of school children passed through the room where the wasted little form lay on a couch, each one pausing to kiss her hand and say good-by, all bravely smiling until they had passed out into the *patio* again, where they wept in each other's arms, for all loved the baby of the mission. When the train moved away, leaving a crowd of tearful friends, whom we knew would follow us daily and hourly with their prayers, we felt, that should the journey fail of its purpose, we could never doubt that God is good to have given so much joy and comfort in sorrow.

But the prayers were answered, and in the beautiful sanitarium at Battle Creek, which was kindly opened to us through the courtesy of our fellow-workers of the Adventist Mission, health and strength came slowly back to the sick one, and we were able, during the many weeks of convalescence, to enjoy the help and stimulus of life in our own country.

The absent ones in Guadalajara were kept in health and strength during our months of separation, and there came at last a glad day when the train moved into the station to meet the same dear friends, smiling and happy now; and the merry baby was passed from one to another, while all exclaimed, in English or Spanish, as the case might be, "Isn't it wonderful! Now we know that God does answer prayer!"

We cannot forget to give thanks for the new member of the mission, who had come in our absence ; for she is truly one of God's special blessings to us. Miss Long, who has had two years' experience of work in Chihuahua, kindly consented to come to the help of Miss Haskins, who had been alone ever since Miss White left us, and her lovely character and earnest consecration have already made themselves felt in school and church. She has brought a fresh, sweet impulse into our mission that has gladdened our hearts, and we give most hearty thanks to God for sending her here, where she is so much needed.

The experience of answered prayer was a helpful one to our church in Guadalajara, and a spirit of deeper earnestness has been noticeable ever since. On New Year's morning, at the sunrise prayer meeting, the church was filled, and all seemed to feel that it was the beginning of a deeper spiritual life for our people. During the Week of Prayer, the Holy Spirit seemed to be hovering over us, and many of the church members reconsecrated themselves, though the special meetings did not draw in as many new people as we had hoped. Then came the "Assembly" in Mexico City, when all the Christian workers met to talk over special problems, and pray for the presence of the Holy Spirit in power among us ; and our church was moved to pray most earnestly for this during their pastor's absence, and were ready to receive a new impulse from the reports that were brought back of good-fellowship, Christian unity, and divine power manifested at the great meeting.

The harmony among all of our evangelical workers, comprising fourteen denominations, is one of our greatest causes for rejoicing. At the meeting in Toluca, two years ago, at which Mr. Moody was present, many of the old missionaries were moved to confess their faults, one to another ; to ask for forgiveness, and for a divine outpouring of the Spirit. Strong men wept like children, and all hearts were touched and moved to deeper consecration. At one of these meetings, Arcadio Morales, a Mexican, who has been a minister in the Presbyterian Church for twenty years, was present, and though he could not understand a word of what was said, yet the blessing came to him in greater fullness than to any one else. He says that as he saw the brethren, after prayer, throw their arms about one another, weeping and laughing with joy, there came to him a wonderful sense of the Spirit in his own heart, and since then he has been used of God in the conversions of hundreds of souls. Special blessings have followed his visits to Saltillo, Chihuahua, Zacatecas, and other cities, and we longed to have him among us ; so it was decided to ask him to spend a week in Guadalajara, the last of February.

The other denominations, Methodist, Baptist, and Adventist, united in the meetings, though most of the services were held in our church as being most central and suitable. There was a sunrise prayer meeting every day, and these were some of our most impressive moments, as all hearts seemed to be wonderfully uplifted and strengthened.

Mr. Morales' methods are thoroughly evangelical, marked by an entire absence of controversy and by a most beautiful spirit of Christian love. He took the familiar parables and teachings of the Bible and by them showed the love of Christ for sinners and the joy and peace that there is in believing.

The presence of the Spirit was first felt in the hearts of the missionaries, workers, and church members, and many were impelled toward a new consecration of themselves and all they possessed to the work of saving souls for Christ. At the close of each service, an invitation to rise was given to those who wished to publicly confess Christ before men, and our hearts throbbed with joy as one after another gained courage to express their desire for prayer, or their belief that God had forgiven their sins and accepted them as his children.

Among the girls of the boarding school, only three were members of the church, though the teachers have felt for a long time that several were very near the kingdom, and have been working and praying for them most earnestly. What was our joy to see one after another rise and publicly manifest her desire to follow Christ, all uniting in prayer for others as soon as they felt their own sins forgiven, until fifteen have shown signs of real conversion, and all of those who are old enough to have an intelligent idea of what they were doing, have come out on the Lord's side. Now the school is filled with a different spirit, old jealousies and rivalries are laid aside, and the girls, with beaming faces, are planning for their weekly prayer meeting at recess time, and for various lines of Christian work. What may not these dear girls do for their acquaintances and relatives, and what a different thing life will become now that the motive power is changed!

Three of the girls are from Roman Catholic families and are prohibited from attending church. They may have much persecution to endure, but we pray that they may be faithful and be the means of bringing many more into the light. There are also many adult members of the congregation who have professed faith in Christ. We have a list of about forty persons whom we hope will be found ready to unite with the church before many months have passed; probably about twenty-five will be received at the next communion, which will be celebrated on Easter Sunday. Ah, what a joyful resurrection day for them! We pray that they may prove that they are indeed risen with Christ by their earnest desire to "seek those things that are above."



There have been several causes for especial giving of thanks in this wonderful revival time. One is that all the denominations have been able to unite in such perfect harmony, the different pastors talking and working with inquirers without regard to denominational preferences, leaving all that to come about naturally afterwards, as believers are attracted to special churches. We believe that this could not have been done if the hearts of all had not been united in real Christian love and warm personal sympathy. Let us thank God for the blessed "communion of saints!"

It is a source of profoundest gratitude that the special blessing has come, under God, through the instrumentality of a Mexican. If a foreigner had been thus able to stir the hearts and awaken a desire for the real presence of the Spirit, we might say, "When he dies or leaves the field, alas for Mexico!" But this arising of an evangelist among the Mexican people, this wonderful work being done by one who calls this his native land, one who is thoroughly Mexican in thought and feeling, is the greatest hope for the country. Now we have faith to pray that the Spirit may transform many more into able instruments to do His will in this beautiful land.

Lest we foreigners should feel that there is no place for us longer, God has given us abundant proof that the seed sowing and daily work bear abundant harvests, in the fact that nearly all of those who have professed a hope in Christ are those who have been members of the school and congregation for a greater or lesser time. Many have been objects of special labor and prayer, and several have felt that they were Christians, though they had not quite gotten to the point where they were ready to confess their purpose. Is there not reason to bless God and take courage, while working and praying as never before that these dear people may be gathered into the kingdom?

GUADALAJARA, March 12, 1897.

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## TURKEY.

### THE NEED IN TREBIZOND.

BY MRS. L. S. CRAWFORD.

For sixteen months it has been thought inadvisable for young ladies, beginning their missionary life, to come to Turkey. The reasons for this have been obvious. With uncertainty and danger on every side, while the missionaries already on the ground have continued their work, seriously realizing that they knew not what a day might bring forth, and when, in a few cases, it has seemed necessary to withdraw the young ladies already here,—under these circumstances, none of us could advise the sending out of new ones. We could only hold on for the time, and do the best we could.

But now we begin to look about, and to look forward. And whatever speculations we have had as to how our work and we might be affected by the intervention of one or more oft-quoted "powers," yet really, we have no expectation that any power, or combination of powers, is going to drive us out of Turkey. We expect to stay, and we not only expect, but begin to see, opportunities for missionary work, such as we have never had before. A letter recently received from one of our missionary ladies,—one who needs a vacation, and yet has been held here by circumstances,—says, "I must confess, I never was more desirous to remain in Turkey. The opportunities for work seem so great, and the need of workers so pressing. Our congregation is large, and there is good material in it, a lack which our station has long felt." We think these opportunities are not for this year alone, but for years to come.

Now, if that is the case, we should be prepared to meet them. Let us think what preparation we have. Look over the field. Van had formerly two missionary families, and three lady missionaries, one a physician. This year, until quite recently, one lone man has been carrying on the regular missionary work, school work, relief work (including an industrial department), medical work (poverty brings sickness with it), and has opened orphan asylums that accommodate two hundred children. A few weeks ago, another lone man came to his aid. Two men, without their families, occupy Bitlis. Of these two, the one fully equipped with language, and at home in the field, is already in need of rest and recuperation. The second is borrowed from the Bulgarian mission for the emergency. Erzurum has one missionary, and one lady teacher. At Harpoot and at Cesarea, the missionary force is sadly depleted. Brousa and Trebizond have one missionary family each,—no teachers. Smyrna's force is incomplete. And we do not forget that, within a short time, death has twice visited our missionary circle at Marsovan. I have not gone over the whole field, only the part of it nearest home, with which we keep most in touch.

Let us remember that, with this decrease of force, there has been an increase of work. Some of this,—the direct relief work,—we hope is temporary. And we will continue to hope so, in spite of dark prospects. Some of it, we hope, is not temporary. We hope the breaking down of prejudice and the access to the people that has come out of this black darkness, in which we have been living, is not all temporary. We hope the doors now open to the Bible reader are not all temporarily open. And certainly, these orphanages, that are springing up here and there, as fast as the money comes,—and we are surprised and thankful to see how fast it does come,—these must be continued for some years. And while lady teachers

are not being sent out, schools continue, and the number of pupils is increasing. The especial provision for orphans in some of our boarding schools not only makes the increase larger, but adds to the duties of our teachers in many other ways. Motherless, homeless girls and boys require more care than those who can go to their homes once or twice a year.

I want to call the attention of any young lady, who is asking God where he will have her go, to the needs of Trebizond. We feared our schools would be almost broken up this year. When we opened in the fall, the city was in a panic, caused by the recent events in Constantinople. The Armenians were leaving this post for Russia, by the hundreds and thousands. It seemed as if there would be few scholars left. The call from Oorfa was very pressing, and it was decided that Miss Chambers be transferred there. We have been obliged to scatter our forces thinly this past year. But, as soon as our schools were opened, there was no lack of scholars. While many have left Trebizond, many have come here from interior places. We have now on our lists one hundred and forty pupils; seventy kindergartners, forty-four primary scholars, and twenty-six in the higher school. Now, we are refusing to take more scholars. In fact, were it not that the daily attendance is less than the registered number, we should be much overcrowded now. If we had more workers, we could enlarge, and open a new department, for there is room available. We have stringently enforced our rule that we must receive some compensation for every scholar, be it ever so little. Some pay one cent a week. Some have knit stockings, yarn being furnished by the relief fund. Some parents have washed our floors. One woman carried water for a neighbor, and earned a pair of woolen stockings, which she brought for her children's tuition. In making clothing for the poor, we have been able to furnish sewing to a few.

One day, a poor child came into the kindergarten room as a visitor. Some scholars began to laugh at him. The teacher immediately tried to turn their ridicule into pity, and said, "Now wouldn't you like to have this child in school with you?" They all thought they would. "But," she said, "you see he is poor, and has no money. Can you pay for him?" The idea pleased them, and, in a few days, nine piastres (forty cents) was contributed by the kindergarten children themselves, for the support of a poor child. When the poverty is extreme, we demand very little tuition, and I confess that, sometimes, in demanding even that little, my heart fails me, and I shuddering, say to myself, "Am I doing right? Or am I 'grinding the faces of the poor?'"

Be that as it may, by some means or other, we have received compensation, either in money or work, for all but eleven of our one hundred and

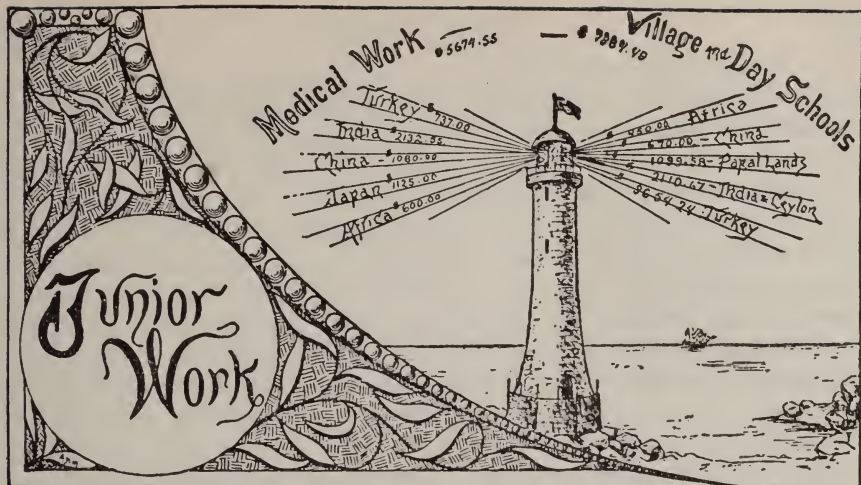
forty scholars. From nine of these eleven we still hope to receive something. Two have taken the yarn given them for knitting, and left town with it. Observe that the standard of morality is still sufficiently low to furnish opportunity for ethical instruction to any teacher who may come here.

Doctor Parmelee is now in America with his family. He plans to return to Trebizond this summer, and hopes to find, ere that time, some young lady ready to come here and do this work that is waiting for her. Would that two young ladies might be found ready! An essential qualification for one of them is a knowledge of the kindergarten system. There is much work, also, outside of the schools. Every child received in school opens the door to a home. This sounds trite, as I write it, but still many of these open doors remain unentered. Growing directly out of the school work is a very interesting Sunday school work. A Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor ought to be formed among our teachers and older pupils. Our flourishing out-station, Ordoo, calls for a lady to take charge of its schools, and it needs one. But even such supervision of the schools there, as could be given by one of the Trebizond teachers, would be a stimulus and help.

So much work to do, and such a beautiful work! Is it not time for us to stop saying to young ladies that Turkey is not the place for them? I think we may now say to them: "God needs you right there, just now. Trust Him to take care of you. Where God needs you is the safest place for you to be." Mothers and Fathers, many young lady teachers have remained in Turkey during all these terrible months. Not one of them has suffered harm. Will God care less tenderly for your loved daughter than he has cared for these? Ask any one of these if she would be willing to leave out of her life the richness of this past year's work and experience, for the sake of having been in a quiet, safe place. We know what the answer would be. Will you deprive your daughter of her share in this richness of blessing?

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WE are entering on what is called the second century of Christian missions, under auspices so much more favorable than the first that there is a call for tenfold effort. The whole world is open and expectant. The facilities are a hundredfold greater, the prospects of success are a thousand times brighter than they were a hundred years ago, if only the Church would awake to the magnitude of her destiny and the majesty of her Leader.—*Rev. James Johnson, F.S.S.*



- To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 1:77 -

## INDIA.

"THE CLIFF," MAHABLESHWAR.

BY JULIA BISSELL, M.D., AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA.

WEBSTER'S Unabridged defines the word cliff as "a high, steep rock; a precipice," and derives it from the verb *to climb*, meaning "to ascend or mount laboriously; to ascend as if with effort; to rise to a higher point." This is quite true of most cliffs, and may help to define, but cannot describe, the cliff of which we are speaking. Webster, you see, had in mind *a cliff*, while ours is "The Cliff," which makes all the difference in the world, does it not? We have more than one cliff, really three,—or, to be accurate, three in one,—as you shall soon see.

### I.

First, then, there is the cliff as nature has made it. The Unabridged is right in calling it a rock, but let us try to paint it more fully, this cliff which we have learned to love. A nearly straight wall of sheer rock rises from the side of the hill. At the foot of this rock is a bare platform, partly natural, partly artificial, from one end of which the carriage drive descends to the gate. Around the platform far and near are sloping hillsides, clothed in vivid forest greens, reaching down, down, down to the valley below. Through the waving tree tops gleam many a white roof, and here and there a bit of country road winds its way in and out of the woods. The earth is a light brick red on these hills, contrasting strongly with the bright green of glistening leaves.

To the north Elphinstone Point range springs from the range on which we stand, plunges boldly into the valley, and stands serene, erect, calmed by the magnificent scenery around him. To the southwest Sidney Point, somewhat nearer, rises from the valley to support the dignity of his side against Elphinstone Point. And that valley between and beyond! How describe a place that is not the same two days in succession! Twenty-five miles west of us the sea bounds the valley, and on rare days, when recent showers have cleared the valley of its mists, we see the ocean, a glistening strip in the sunlight, or a bit of blue water lapping the shore. Mr. Bruce says he has from "The Cliff," and with the naked eye, seen boats plying to and fro in that bit of ocean, so we tell our friends that "boats are visible from here," and then strain our eyes, if perchance that good fortune may be ours. A silver river finds its way among the low ranges of hills, crossing and recrossing the valley, then loses itself in the sea. Against the horizon are piled ranges of hills, faintly blue in the haze of distance. Do you wonder we find delight and rest in the view before us?

## II.

"The Cliff" as the Woman's Board and the American Marathi Mission have made it. This is quite distinct from Cliff I. This is the house that stands on the platform at the foot of the rock. It is a red stone house (all houses on the hill are red stone), with an iron roof. Only iron and stone could stand the deluge of rain that falls here every year from June to October, and even stone walls must be carefully thatched in each season from the rain, and the man who cares for house and grounds builds fires in the house once a week, to keep the furniture from molding hopelessly.

It is a long, narrow house, with six rooms in a row. Each room opens on to the front porch. There are two bedrooms at each end and two sitting rooms between, so that we can be two families of four each, or one family of eight. And the pantries? Well, they are on the back porch. Each pantry consists of a standing cupboard, a table, a provision box, and a hanging cupboard with walls of fine wire screens. The kitchens are off at one side of the house, as all India kitchens are, and our tidy native cooks run back and forth with dinner, breakfast, and tea, daily. And when it rains? Why, then it rains, that's all, and the much-enduring cook is caught in it with his steaming hot dinner, and knows he has our sympathies.

This house has a history. Seven years ago our mission began to realize that its sanitarium quarters could not accommodate the workers of the Woman's Board. Moreover, we, those same workers, felt that the wearied mothers who came with their little ones to the hills for rest, should not have

a houseful of boarders to provide for. For we are no small army! So the mission said to the Woman's Board, "We would build us an house," and received the answer, "Build ye." This was in May, 1891. Then our committee of three ladies forthwith started to consider a site and plans, and not long after the missionaries put on record the resolution, "That we express our sincere thanks to the Woman's Board of Missions for their timely and generous response to our appeal for the ladies' bungalow at Mahableshwar." One clause in the report submitted by the committee suggested, "That as air and pleasant views are essential features in needed rest and change, the cottage be built on high ground." The report was approved and adopted, and the cottage arose soon after.

It was no light matter to choose an appropriate name for this abode, and a list of proposed names was passed around the Mission Circle. The list included such names as "Arcadia," "Columbia Lodge," "Sorosis," "The Arcade," and even "Beulah" and "The Nunnery," among many others. It also included "The Cliff," which finally won the general approval.

The cottage, built and named, was still not furnished. Its future occupants then met, and decided to contribute the wherewithal themselves for this purpose. Accordingly, the committee received thirty-five dollars from each of the single ladies, and the furniture was bought in Bombay, and "The Cliff" was declared ready for occupation. Since then we have added chairs and tables, and one of our number, on a recent visit to America, sent out some rugs for the sitting rooms, and we are very well content with our summer home.

### III.

"The Cliff No. III." means the family that inhabits the house that the Woman's Board and the American Marathi Mission built, that stands on the platform at the foot of the rock. The *personnel* of this family varies, more or less, from year to year. One member may be at home on furlough this year, another taking her vacation elsewhere, and a third on the way to the homeland. And yet, whoever may be in the cottage, our family name never changes. We are referred to in a body as "The Cliff." If there is an excursion planned to any point, people ask if "The Cliff" is going. As a rule, we are divided into "The Cliff North" and "The Cliff South," these names meaning the two families of four each that occupy the two ends of the cottage; but we think of ourselves, and like others to think of us, as one family, surnamed "The Cliff."

On the whole we are a busy family, even in vacation. There are our simple afternoon teas on the tennis ground to plan for, and we must confess

that "cliff cake" is appreciated by those who frequent the tennis court. We enjoy seeing our friends at our "At Homes," of which we usually have one, sometimes more, every season, with charades, parlor games, and music, both by home talent and by friends who care to join with us. Then there is always one Pundit, or Brahman teacher, often two, to help us over hard places in the language. Indeed, the front porch sometimes looks as though there were a real summer school in progress. Arrears in accounts and re-



THE FRONT PORCH OF "THE CLIFF."

ports are made up at "The Cliff," and those unanswered letters are brought up to be answered in leisure hours,—those letters which are so welcome, and for whose answers our home friends must often wait long and patiently. We are truly thankful for the letters, and for the patience that bears with us for the answers. The work to which we shall return, on leaving "The Cliff," is planned and its details arranged, so far as possible here, that it may run smoothly the rest of the year. Then there are the mission business meetings



in May to attend for ten days or two weeks. Arrears in dressmaking and general sewing must have attention, that they may not interfere with the work afterwards. Each is anxious also to learn the other's experiences in her work, and there are questions without number to talk over; and then, too, the mission treasurer, and secretary, and finance committee want our estimates made out for next year's work. Accordingly we have next year's work and its growing needs to bear in mind, and state on paper, in rupees and annas, and dollars and cents. And there are long, quiet hours for Bible study, which are denied by pressure of the work at our stations, in the thick of the fight. There are also meetings with members of other missions on the hill: were not we a body of sixty missionaries of all creeds and one faith last year? In these, and in many other delightful ways, the days at "The Cliff" pass quickly by.

What more shall we say? For time and the pages of LIFE AND LIGHT fail us in which to tell of the refreshing of soul and spirit that becomes ours, as we gather with others for seasons of prayer, or, each by herself, learns from the myriad voices of earth and sky the lessons that the great teacher Himself would plant in her soul, to bear fruit unto life eternal.

And this is Cliff III., but, altogether, I., II., and III. make up "The Cliff" that we love. We have not found it an effort to climb up to it, nor has the ascent been a laborious one to us at any time. And most of our friends agree with us on that point, so we like to think. However, after a month or two in this summer home, we have felt the truth of the last clause in Webster's definition, and have realized that we have "risen to a higher point." For the rest and refreshment, and all the happy days that "The Cliff" brings us, we do each year feel most grateful to the Junior Auxiliaries of the Woman's Board, the Executive Committee, and all who have helped to give us this home, "The Cliff."

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## FOR CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.

### MEXICAN CHILDREN.

CALL one portion of your room Chihuahua and the other Guadalajara, consulting the map for the relative positions of these places. Appoint a boy to represent a secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions visiting some of the mission stations in Mexico, and when he comes to Chihuahua let him describe his journey to the children he finds there, and let them tell him about a picnic they have had.

*Dayspring*, September, 1892; "About Life in Chihuahua," *Dayspring*, November, 1892; "Boyhood in Mexico," *Missionary Herald*, September,

1887; "Bible Scenes in a Land without a Bible," *Missionary Herald*, June, 1885; "Our Boarding School," LIFE AND LIGHT, May, 1894; \* "Mexican Sketches," LIFE AND LIGHT, November, 1892, "Story of One Day," LIFE AND LIGHT, May, 1889; "Persecution," LIFE AND LIGHT, April, 1890. When the Secretary reaches Guadalajara it will be Holy Week, described in *Missionary Herald*, August, 1893. Let him take a walk in Guadalajara, \* *Dayspring*, June and July, 1895, after which he will enjoy a trip to Happy Valley, *Missionary Herald*, September, 1895, and see something of Village Life in Western Mexico, \* *Dayspring*, December, 1885. As he returns to the city he meets children who tell him of Baby Francisco, \* *Dayspring*, October and November, 1894, and a Modern Heroine, LIFE AND LIGHT, August, 1890. Leaflets—"Children in Papal Lands;" price, 4 cents.

Starred material, 13 cents.

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## Scraps from our Work Basket.

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MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON. One of the sweetest of our American singers, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, has gone to join the heavenly choirs. Our readers will remember the beautiful poems which she has contributed to our pages, and many of our auxiliaries and mission circles have been stirred by the recitation of "Myrrh Bearers," "For Love's Sake," and other poems on missions. Her going was a blessed release. Three years of extreme nervous prostration ended with three days of quiet sleep, and she awoke in heaven.

PUNDITA RAMABAI AND THE FAMINE SUFFERERS. A late number of the *Bombay Guardian* contains a most interesting account of famine experiences by Pundita Ramabai. She first gives an account of the sufferings of her own family in the famine of 1876. As her father grew old, and infirm, and blind, he lost nearly all his property in one way and another, and they "foolishly spent all the money we had in hand in giving alms to the Brahmins, to please the gods whom we thought would send a shower of gold mohurs upon us and make us rich and happy. We went to several sacred temples and places to worship different gods, and to bathe in sacred rivers and tanks to free ourselves from sin and the curse which brought poverty upon us." Their money was soon exhausted, and they began to sell jewelry, costly gar-

ments, and even the cooking vessels of brass and copper, till at last the day came when they had finished eating the last grain, and apparently nothing remained for them but death by starvation. A family consultation decided them to go into the forest, where none could see their misery, and there to die. For eleven days and nights the Pundita, her old father and mother, a brother and sister, subsisted on water and leaves and a handful of wild dates. At last their sufferings drove them back to the village at the foot of their mountain retreat, and a little later the father, mother, and sister died from the fever caused by starvation.

We cannot wonder that such an experience in her youth makes the Pundita's heart very tender toward the present famine sufferers. Early in January she "could no longer keep still," and started for the famine district to see what she could do for the suffering women and children. Her description of their condition is most pathetic—the victory of the animal over the human was appalling. She says: "The Father, who is a very present help in trouble, has enabled me to get some sixty widows, forty-seven of whom will go to school to study, and others will work. The Lord has put it into my mind to save three hundred girls, and I shall go to work in his name. My girls and I are quite ready to forego all our comforts, give up luxuries, and live as plainly as we can. We shall be quite contented to have only one meal of coarse food a day, if necessary, and so long as we have a little room or a seer of grain left in this house, we shall try to help our sisters who are starving."

Surely this will appeal to the Ramabai Associations in this country to give her all the aid and sympathy in their power.

RECEIPTS FOR THE MONTH. The receipts for the month ending March 18th, we are glad to say, amount to about \$800 more than for the same month last year. This makes the total increase for the first five months of the year about \$2,700. To achieve the advance of \$10,000, toward which we are all working, it will be necessary to make an increase of more than \$1,100 for each of the remaining months. We believe that the next few months will show good results of the winter's work, but we cannot relax our efforts for an instant. Let us all pray as if the result depended on our prayers; let us work as if it depended on our work.

CONFERENCE OF WORKERS IN MEXICO. A most valuable missionary conference of representatives of all the missionary societies in Mexico was held in Mexico City, the latter part of January. There were present Adventists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Friends, Methodists, North and South, and Presbyterians of three or four divisions. One of the impor-

tant things accomplished was the appointment of a committee of one from each society to go over the different versions of the Bible circulating in Mexico, and make an improved version. There are now in Mexico, 58 ordained foreign missionaries, unordained, 52; missionaries of women's societies, 51; native ordained preachers, 129; other native workers, 338; number of communicants, 16,000; adherents, 60,000; pupils in day and boarding schools, 7,000; pupils in Sunday schools, 10,000.

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA condescended to let his holy presence rest a brief period in Madura on his way from Ramnad to Madras. A meeting was held at the Native College which was addressed by the Swami, but which from all accounts that have reached us was not a complete success, owing either to the miscellaneous character of his audience, or to the abstruseness of his remarks. At all events he does not seem to have held the attention of his audience, and spoke only a few minutes.—*The True News and New Age, India.*

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#### EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

FROM MISS MILLARD, BOMBAY.

I FEAR that you cannot possibly realize the awful state poor Bombay is in. Out of a population of eight hundred thousand people at least six hundred thousand have left, and they are still leaving at the rate of a thousand or more a day. About fifteen thousand have already died of the plague, and the daily death rate is over two hundred, and this notwithstanding the enormous exodus that has taken place. The municipality has been very slow in grasping the situation, and not until it had been raging for nearly five months have they opened a really suitable hospital, with complete arrangements. This week the old government house at Parel has been thoroughly fitted up, and with a competent physician and six English sisters or nurses, we may now hope that the poor sufferers will be well cared for. Dead carts go rumbling through the streets, and those found in the streets or in their homes are carried off. People refuse to recognize their own relations, so that they need not bury them. The burying grounds are so full that they will be a source of great danger to the city for years to come. The Mohammedans still refuse to bury outside of the city, and will listen to no explanation, and the municipality is too weak to insist. All schools and colleges are closed, and though an effort was made to open them at the beginning of the January term, it was unavailing. Mills and thousands of shops and business houses are closed, and about the only people to be met in the streets are those carrying the dead. As the hot weather comes on it seems to increase rather than

decrease, as had been hoped. Nothing can be done now but to let it run its course. Within this week, after six hundred thousand people have left the city and carried the plague into every large town in the Presidency, a strict quarantine has been put upon all second and third class railroad passengers leaving Bombay, and we are in strict quarantine with every important port in Europe.

FROM MISS ANDREWS, TUNG-CHO, CHINA.

I wish you could have gone with me to Kung-Chuang, the village I visited to-day. There are no Christians in the village, but it is the home of my head chair bearer, and it was to his house I went. A chair ride of more than an hour brought me to the village, where a crowd of children were already gathered, waiting for me. They poured into the room and up on the "kang" as soon as I was seated, and it was with difficulty I could clear a place to gather the women about me as they came in. The little room was literally packed all the time I was there, and as it had only a "dead window," that is, one which did not open, the air after a little while was not exactly pure. It was a very noisy crowd, as is apt to be the case when so many children are packed close together. They pushed, and scolded, and quarreled, and the women, with their loud, harsh voices only added to the din in trying to keep the children and each other quiet. It was wearisome trying to talk, and again and again I was obliged to stop and wait for the tumult to subside. However, there was a brighter side to the picture. There were a number of women who seemed really anxious to hear, and they crowded close around me and listened intently as long as I stayed. I had taken pictures of the Prodigal Son, and also of the sufferings of Christ, and the verse, "Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance," written on tiny picture cards to give away. First I tried to tell them of our Father's love for his wandering children, his longing to welcome them back, his willingness to forgive. That story always appeals to the Chinese, and though it was read and told with many interruptions, yet many of the women were interested in it, and there were questions to answer as to how to come back, and how to worship, and little side talks about repentance and prayer.

Afterwards I taught the verse to the women and children, giving the little pictures to those who learned it. Then followed a talk about Jesus, his coming down to earth, his life of love and suffering, his death on the cross; only an outline, of course, for there was not time for more. Will any of those wandering children be drawn by the Father's love and the Saviour's suffering and come back to him to-night? I do not know; I can only tell the story and pray.

## REPORT OF THE GIRLS' SCHOOL IN OSAKA, JAPAN.

The trustees of the school, consisting of the four Kumiai pastors and eleven of the leading Christians in their churches, chose the Rev. A. Miyake to be the acting principal of the school.

Mr. Miyake has an active pastorate at the Tenma Church; is also editor of *The Endeavor*, besides doing other literary work, yet still finds time and strength to be at the head of the school and teach three hours every week. In his opening address, in September, he told the girls that whatever had been the reputation of the school in the past two years, from then he wanted it to be known as a Christian school, and as a Christian school only. He hoped also that it would be a school where Christianity not only would be taught, but practiced also. Accordingly four mornings in the week there have been four classes in the study of the Bible. The fifth morning, Mr. Miyake, or one of the other pastors, has given a good helpful Bible talk. At the earnest request of the thirty boarding pupils, Rev. T. Miyagawa has come every Tuesday night, for an hour's study in the Gospel of John.

About one third of the pupils connected with the school are Christians, and there are still two of the teachers not yet Christians.

The buildings on the opposite corner from the boarding department, which contained the dining room, sewing room, and singing room, have been made over into two Japanese houses. The cost of repairs on these houses, 1500 en, was met entirely by one of the trustees, who rents the houses for a term of ten years. He pays into the school 17.50 en per month rent. Besides this rent the school also receives about twenty en per month from the trustees, graduates, and other friends. The expenses of this term have been met and even a little money left in the treasury.

## FROM MRS. ANSTICE ABBOTT, BOMBAY.

In this our time of distress and sorrow we must turn to those most interested in our work. You have heard something, no doubt, but as to what it all means only those can at all realize who have experienced living amongst the plague and famine.

We realized in September that the plague was in the city, but it was in a part distant from us, and although it steadily increased, it was only in December that it began to tell upon our work. Then it was in our midst, but only a few cases here and there. The schools closed full for the holidays, but many people said they should leave the city as soon as the examinations were over. And an exodus began in our part of the city, as it had already been going on in other parts. The Hindus of the better classes

seemed to leave in a body. They always have relatives in the country to go to; the Mussulmans belong more to the city. Our Bible women found many a street almost deserted; hundreds of houses were closed. By the middle of January, when we hoped to open schools again, there were but a handful of pupils anywhere to attend. Schools and colleges all over the city were obliged to close. Death had been very busy by that time. In Jacob Circle, where I have three schools, there was hardly a house where death had not entered. In the building where I have my Girls' School, some of our native Christians live on the same floor, and on the floor above two European families, and below some Ben-Israelites. In that house there has not so far been a case, but on each side, these houses not being two feet away, there have been to my knowledge twenty-three deaths. Of all our outside schools one only is going on, and that is in the poorhouse, where, strange to say, the plague has not yet entered.

The Boarding School began after the holidays, but with smaller numbers, as the parents outside of the city did not dare to send their children into danger of infection. As the schools were closed, I gave my time more to the women, especially the Christian women; but every day cases of sorrow and distress claimed my time, sympathy, and purse.

On the 24th of January we had a case in Bowker Hall among our servants' quarters, the next morning another case. Mr. and Mrs. Hume consulted the doctors, and they advised the immediate removal of the girls from Bowker Hall; so as many as possible of the girls were sent to their homes, and the others were moved into the Humes compound. The third day still another fatal case occurred. Our servants, who had until then been faithful to us, were in a panic, and we gave them all leave to go to their homes, but while they were wondering how they could leave us without servants, the doctors ordered us out of the house; so many dead rats were found that it was the same as so many persons dead of the plague. We departed at a few hours' notice, our house and compound being left to the mercy of the fumigators and whitewashers. From every direction we had the most cordial invitations to stay with friends until our house was again fit for habitation. The Humes have brought their school here to Ahmednagar, where every thing has been done for their personal comfort, and for the accommodation of the school.

The present outlook is sad and depressing. The plague is raging the hottest now in the vicinity of our houses; Bowker Hall is especially in a bad place. Over two thousand people died last week in Bombay, nearly all of the plague! For weeks before the number has been from seventeen hundred to nineteen hundred; now it is worse than ever. The exodus from the

city also continues from one to three thousand a day. People who remain find it almost impossible to get servants, workmen of every kind have fled, offices are very poorly manned, tailors have left in a body, cartmen and coachmen have gone, and even the drivers of public carriages. Corpses make a death-dealing procession night and day.

The distress of the bereaved and those bereft of houses, and clothes, and bedding, which have been necessarily burned, is something that cannot be understood; and added to this is the famine price for everything.

It is a wonderful thing that Europeans born out of the country have been almost wholly exempt; but more wonderful it is that so far not one of the members of our church have taken the plague. Our people live on the ninety-first Psalm.

In all your prayers, may the Church of God remember the thousands "about to die" without the Saviour, that they may find him before it is too late.

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## Our Work at Home.

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### THE NEGLECTED GRACE OF GIVING.\*

BY MRS. JOSEPH COOK.

"If you want to liberalize a Christian, spiritualize him." This was one of the many pregnant and felicitous epigrams with which the saintly and now sainted pastor of this church was constantly enriching our daily speech as to sacred things. That brief apothegm solves the problem that is vexing the various Mission Boards represented here this afternoon: how to carry on constantly increasing work with shamefully inadequate means; how to raise the diminishing missionary enthusiasm of the home churches, to meet the splendid opportunities now opening for the spread of the gospel through all the world.

There could be no better object lesson for us to contemplate than the history of this Clarendon Street Church, and the way Dr. Gordon for a quarter of a century trained his people in the Christian grace of giving.

\*The above was the opening speech of a discussion on this subject, at a meeting in the Clarendon Street Baptist Church. The Baptist, Methodist, and Congregational Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies of Boston and vicinity were represented, and took part in the discussion.



Read that last searching and tender pastoral letter to his church, written at the close of his twenty-five years of service among them. It seems to me as truly inspired by the Holy Spirit as any epistle to the early Church written by Paul, or Peter, or John. The closing exhortation is as follows: "Forget not that your first and principal business, as a disciple of Christ, is to give the gospel to those who have it not. He who is not a missionary Christian will be a missing Christian when the great day comes for bestowing the rewards of service. I warn you,"—and here Dr. Gordon's words remind one of the ancient prophet who "cried aloud and spared not,"—"I warn you that it will go hard with you when your Lord comes to reckon with you, if he finds your wealth invested in superfluous luxuries, or hoarded up in needless accumulations, instead of being sacredly devoted to giving the gospel to the lost." And in closing this last appeal to the flock he had shepherded for a quarter of a century, Dr. Gordon says, "I counsel you to seek the special grace and anointing of the Holy Spirit, that he may work in you that consecration of heart and life on which so much depends."

At the time of Dr. Gordon's death, less than two months after this letter was written, Clarendon Street Church was supporting ten missionaries in the foreign field, ten in evangelistic work at home, and gave in 1894 more than \$12,000 to foreign missions. It was no uncommon thing for Dr. Gordon to give one thousand dollars from his own salary each year for benevolence.

The earlier a child is taught the difference between giving money and raising money for helping on Christ's kingdom, the sooner and surer a good foundation is laid for conscientious benevolence. By giving, I mean the laying aside a portion of the small sums which most children have from time to time to spend as they please.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin's experience in this line as a boy, which he relates in "My Life and Times," is a case illustrating my thought that the child should early be taught that some self-denial is necessary to make the gift wholly acceptable in the eyes of Him to whose cause it is devoted. Money may be also earned for this sacred purpose, and the effect on the child's education is very different from that which comes in the excitement of raising money by an entertainment, even when the child has had the somewhat onerous task of selling tickets from house to house.

A great opportunity of wise instruction in the grace of giving comes first to the parent in the home, during the earliest years of a child's life: a little later Sabbath-school teachers, and leaders of mission circles, and Christian Endeavor Societies can help on this good work. More and more I value the impressionable and responsive hearts of children as the most hopeful soil in

which to sow good seed. I shall never cease to feel indebted to that gracious woman who was the leader of the mission circle I attended from six to ten years of age, and whose inflexible rule was that we should earn our pennies either by doing something or doing without something. The principle of active or passive self-sacrifice thus early inculcated was of lasting service to the members of that circle. This wise woman was one of Mary Lyon's pupils at Mt. Holyoke. She with the other two women, to whom I feel most indebted for spiritual uplift, bore that wonderful impress of Mary Lyon's personality which was a marked feature of the early graduates from that school. You know it was Mary Lyon's habit to give until she felt it, and while that would not be a safe standard with some niggardly Christians, it often meant with Mary Lyon one half her income. She held that the great work of converting the world "can never be fully accomplished without the most strenuous and self-denying efforts of which we are capable." So much for what can be done by one human being for another, as illustrated by Dr. A. J. Gordon and the founder of Mt. Holyoke Seminary. But the supreme fructifying influence is in the touch of the unseen Spirit on the individual heart. It has been well said that "the two obstacles to the missionary progress and triumph of the Church to-day are a spirit of unbelief on the one hand, that fears to do great things for God, and a spirit of selfishness on the other hand, that makes it impossible to do great things for God."

We all know what a common temptation it is to pass the responsibility of giving generously on to the very wealthy. Who of us has not heard the shallow remark made *ad nauseam*, "If I only had a million dollars! or were as rich as — (some one named), how glad I would be to give!"

But this is very cheap talk. President Gates, of Amherst, shows that when Christ cautions his followers as to the deceitfulness of riches, the essential meaning of the word translated "riches" is, *usable values embodied in material things*. The word used is one that lays no stress upon great wealth. It is a word that may properly be used for very small possessions. Does it not seem as though our Lord and Leader intended that his work should be carried on by the self-denying gifts of the many rather than by a few large donations from the rich? He desires to develop in his people the grace of giving. Personal consecration has been wisely and wittily called purse-and-all consecration.

The first legacy received by the American Board, as early as 1813, was from a woman in humble life, a house servant, whose wages had never exceeded fifty cents a week. And yet she left for the cause of missions \$345.83! Two years later the largest legacy received for many years was \$30,000 from Mrs. Norris, of Salem, Mass.

The signs of the times in the religious world, in the Church of Christ, seem to point toward systematic and proportionate giving as the next duty which is to be urged upon all Christians.

I believe thoroughly in the use of the mite box, in the extra cent a day plan, in the Sabbath nickel, in the birth-day offering, in the self-denial fund, — in all these devices which our ingenuity has conceived to satisfy our consciences to meet the stupendous needs at home and abroad. But I believe yet more thoroughly in systematic and proportionate giving, which would

so soon solve this sad problem of deficits in our Missionary Boards if all Christians could see it to be their duty, and would act accordingly.

The President of the Woman's Board of the Pacific, in her appeal to their auxiliaries in the Annual Report, says: "The women in the Congregational Churches of Oregon, Washington, and California, according to the last Year Book, number fifteen thousand seven hundred and forty. Our aim is to enlist the prayers and sympathy of every one of these women for the women and children of heathendom. Then from our annual minimum fee of a dollar would come an offering of \$15,740 a year for foreign missions. And yet your Executive Committee tremble before a pledge of \$4,500 for this work."

This sad showing that only a fraction of the Christian women of the Congregational Churches on the Pacific Coast give anything for the cause of foreign missions, to say nothing of systematic and proportionate giving, might be duplicated in the Board of the Interior and in the Eastern Board.

We in the home churches are put to shame in the matter of giving, not only by the native Christians rescued from heathenism; we are also put to shame by our missionaries, who, from their meagre salaries, will give to carry on the work which they cannot bear to see crippled, in consequence of the fatal word retrenchment.

Hearing of great needs without responding to the utmost of our ability, blunts the sensibilities and hardens the heart. Many professing Christians in Congregational Churches have certainly been through this process of in-duration during this last year by listening unmoved to the piteous, even heart-breaking, appeals of their substitutes at the front, who are suffering from cut downs and retrenchment.

A much larger proportion of native Christians give a tenth of their income into the Lord's treasury than we, and make far greater sacrifices to do so. It may be true that those who compose the Christian community of Asia or Africa have not the temptations to spend money that assail us at every turn. Their homes are simple, their dress is scanty, and the illustrated monthlies, the fascinating books, the candy shops, and the flower stands are not constantly bewitching the dimes and quarters out of their pocketbooks. We are the victims of an insatiable, luxurious civilization. At every wedding I attend I am amazed to see the new and ingenious devices to bring the recipient of bridal gifts into bondage to things. Our lovely homes are often so overcrowded with senseless bric-a-brac that one sighs for the severe simplicity of a Japanese interior. Not only the native Christians, but those who worship false gods, put us to shame in the matter of giving.

Rather more than a year ago I stood in the new Buddhist Temple at Kyoto, and saw the two hundred and fifty highly polished monoliths of Keyaki wood, which no ordinary fibre of rope was strong enough to move. Then the Japanese women offered their most precious personal possession, their glossy and abundant black hair, to be coiled into strands which could bear the strain of these massive pillars, which were to adorn the temple of their god Buddha. So numerous were offerings of long tresses that, at last, the priests had to give out the word that no more would be accepted.

I stood also in the colossal head of the bronze image of the Dai Butz at

Kobe, and saw the metal mirrors which had been left over from the offering by women of these cherished heirlooms, and out of which this immense figure had been made.

Such, my friends, is what our sisters of the Orient do for the gods they worship. And what have the gods done for them? You know that in all the ethnic faiths women rank with the beasts that perish. And yet these women are regarded for the most part as beings of no intelligence, and unworthy of salvation.

One of the most delightful mountain trips I have ever made in Europe or Asia was from the templed town of Nikko to Lake Chuzenji, which lies among the mountains 4,375 feet above the sea. From this point a superb view is obtained of Nantaizan, one of the sacred heights of Japan, and here the pilgrims rest before making the final ascent.

It was most pathetic to hear that the gentle Japanese women, who are willing to make such sacrifices for their gods, are not allowed to join these pilgrimages, although exception is made in their favor three days in the year. English travelers who spend some time at the picturesque hotels bordering the lake have told me that on these three days the women come in crowds, and may be heard all through the night, bathing to attain physical purity in the crystal waters of the lake; and then they start so that they may reach the summit of the holy mountain in time to greet the rising sun.

When Christianity gains the women of the Orient for our Divine Lord and Master, will he not begin to see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied? In contrast with these less-favored women, how hard and unresponsive our hearts seem that they do not flow out in more generous and loving service when we behold the cross and hear our Saviour say: "This have I done for thee. What hast thou done for Me?"

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## HERE AND THERE.

### ABROAD.

**AFRICA.**—A hopeful sign in South Africa is the appearance of several native evangelists. They have great power with their own people, knowing just how to deal with them. May their number be speedily multiplied.

**TURKEY.**—Accounts of the crowds of Gregorians in attendance at Protestant meetings still continue. It is said that the Armenian patriarchs in Constantinople are becoming alarmed lest they be deserted by their people. The kindness experienced at the hands of Protestants and missionaries, and the relief that comes through their agency, prove to be a wonderfully drawing power to them in such sore need. Word comes from the American College for Girls in Constantinople that, although the numbers are smaller than usual, the regular routine is carried out as in other years. While the enthusiasm is not quite so great with small numbers, there is opportunity for some lines of work not practicable in a larger college. The Christian Association, carried on by the students independently of the American teachers, has proved most helpful in the religious life of the College and in its benevolent work.

INDIA.—The *Times of India* gives a pitiful account of the efforts of the panic-stricken people to leave Bombay. Crowds around the railway ticket offices grow almost frantic in their effort to secure passage to a place of safety. At every train the struggle is renewed, scores of hands outstretched over each other's heads to purchase the coveted bit of pasteboard that entitles them to a place however small in the car. When the last train at night is gone they lie down in and about the stations, so as to be able to renew the attempt in the early morning. Every effort is being made to persuade the people to give up their usual pilgrimages to sacred places lest they carry contagion all over the country; with what success remains to be seen.

JAPAN.—Mr. J. V. Mott, of the Student Volunteer Movement, has been having a most successful tour in Japan the past winter, particulars of which will be given in our next number. Miss Adelaide Daughaday sailed from San Francisco for Japan April 1st.

#### AT HOME.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the International Missionary Union will be held at Clifton Springs, N. Y., June 9-15, 1897. All persons, either men or women, who are, or have been, foreign missionaries in any field, of any evangelical denomination, constitute the only membership of the Union, and will be entertained without cost during the week. Provision cannot be made for the children of missionaries. Missionary candidates under actual appointment will, as far as practicable, be hospitably entertained. Board in private houses, at low rates, can be secured by other persons attending. Further information can be obtained by addressing Mrs. C. C. Thayer, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

The Children's Missionary May Festival, to be held in Berkeley Street Church, Boston, May 8th, promises to be one of unusual interest. The main topic is to be China. Representations of Chinese life will be given, and there will be addresses from Miss E. M. Garretson, of Foochow, and Rev. J. H. Roberts, of Kalgan.

It was pleasant to welcome at our Board Rooms Mr. and Mrs. Nikambè, from Bombay, a native pastor and his wife in the Scotch Presbyterian mission. They have been in this country about a year, gaining a knowledge of the various kinds of Christian work carried on here. Mrs. Nikambè is an intimate friend of Pundita Ramabai, and came to Boston to speak at the annual meeting of the Ramabai Association.

Miss Mary F. Long has been appointed a missionary of the Board in Mexico. Miss Long has been at work in a mission in Mexico for more than a year, and has proved so valuable an assistant, she has been made a regular missionary.

The Executive Committee of the Board have voted to begin to raise money for the enlargement of the building for our girls' boarding school in Foochow. The school is in very great need of more commodious quarters, and it is hoped that the money will be largely raised by the children in our mission circles and churches. We believe that the boys and girls who have such beautiful school buildings in this country will be glad to help their little friends in Foochow in this way.

## SIDE LIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS.

*The New World*, March: "The Armenian Church," by Wm. F. and Louise F. Pierce. Turkish outrages of Armenians have revealed what was a surprise to many, that there was a Christian church in Asia. This is not strange, since Armenia is a subject nation and her religion has less than four million adherents. This article explains the when and the how of this spark of Christianity in the midst of Mohammedanism and heathenism.

*The Westminster Review*, March: "The New Situation in China," by Wm. Robertson.

*The Fortnightly Review*, March: "China's Present and Future," by Dr. Sun Yat Sen.

*The North American Review*, April: "How India Fights the Famine," by the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

*The Century*, April: "New Conditions in Central Africa." "The Dawn of Civilization between Lake Tanganyika and the Congo." Extracts from the Journal of the late E. J. Glave.

*Harper's Monthly*, April: "White Man's Africa, Part VI., At the Cape of Good Hope," by Poultney Bigelow. In the same, "The Awakening of a Nation" (Mexico), by Chas. F. Lummis, Third Paper—The Man.

## TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

*May*.—Bulgaria: Its Condition and Mission Work. See LIFE AND LIGHT for April.

*June*.—An Hour in the Mexican Field.

*July*.—God's Promise the Foundation of Mission Work.

*August*.—A Voyage in the Morning Star.

*September*.—An Hour in the Austrian Field.

*October*.—The Personal Factor in Mission Work.

## AN HOUR IN THE MEXICAN FIELD.

## TOPIC FOR JUNE.

1. Chihuahua. 2. Guadalajara.

In the early history of missions in Mexico Miss Melinda Rankin was a prominent feature, and a brief sketch of her life may be interesting, taken from her book, "Forty Years Among the Mexicans." The book is out of print but may be found in Sunday school and other libraries. It might be better, however, to take up only the two cities mentioned in our topic.

1. CHIHUAHUA.—For general description of the country and people, see *Missionary Herald* for July, 1882, and June, 1883, June, 1885, and July, 1886; also LIFE AND LIGHT for May, 1886, and June, 1896. For general mission work see leaflets, historical sketch (price five cents), and condensed sketch (free). Also LIFE AND LIGHT for August, 1885, and March, 1886, November, 1892; evangelistic week, December, 1888, May, 1887, May, 1889; converts, August, 1890, November, 1892, October, 1895; boarding school, May, 1894.

2. GUADALAJARA.—Description and beginnings of work. LIFE AND LIGHT for June, 1881, October, 1882, January, April, and September, 1884, November, 1892. Persecutions, November, 1885, April, 1890, March, 1893. The story of Cuca, May, 1894.

## WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from February 18, 1897, to March 18, 1897.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

### MAINE.

*Maine Branch.*—Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Treas. Calais, Aux., 50; Castine, Desert Palm Soc., 40; Franklin, Conf. Aux.'s, 5; Machias, Aux., 4, C. E. S., 22, King's Daughters' Circle, 20, Centre Ch., S. S., 10; Madison, C. E. S., 25; Minot, Centre Ch., 16.25; Portland, Bethel Ch., Aux. (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Miss Ella M. Farrington), 40, High St. Ch., Aux., add'l, Th. Off., 2, Mrs. W. H. Fein, 100; St. Lawrence St. Ch., Aux., 10, State St. Ch., Aux. (of wh. 125 to const. L. M.'s Miss Laura Carlton, Miss Isabel T. Clark, Miss Ella H. Hayes, Miss Harriet Hobson, Miss Deborah A. Soule), 128.40, Williston Ch., Aux., to const., in part, L. M. Mrs. Clara A. Dunn, 10; Rockland, Aux., 50; Westbrook, Intermediate Dept., S. S., 6.62, C. E. S., 30; Yarmouth, First Ch., 10,

579 27

Total,

579 27

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

*New Hampshire Branch.*—Miss Abby E. McIntire, Treas. Concord, So. Ch., Kimball Circle King's Daughters, 10, Jr. C. E. S., 24; Dunbarton, Hillside Laborers, M. C. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. John B. Ireland), 6; East Brentwood, C. E. S., 10; East Jaffrey, Buds of Promise, M. C., to const. L. M. Miss Florence E. Duncan, 25; Hampton, Buds of Promise, M. C., 5; Hanover, Cong. Ch., S. S., 18.17; Laconia, C. E. S., 10; Manchester, First Ch., Aux., 50, D. 5; Meriden, Hillside Lights, M. C., 4.51; Milford, Heralds of the King, 22; Plainfield, Mrs. S. R. Baker, 5,

194 68

Total,

194 68

### VERMONT.

*Vermont Branch.*—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Benson, Aux., 20; Brattleboro, Lad. Assoc., to const. L. M. Mrs. S. B. Emerson, 25; Cambridge, Aux., 7; Duxbury, South, Aux., 2.50; Lyndon, Aux., 5; Morgan, A Friend, 40 cts.; New Haven, C. E. S., 10; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., Aux., 41.19, South Ch., Aux., 28.25; Townshend, Aux., 5; Wallingford, Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. J. D. Miller, Mrs. A. P. Stafford, Mrs. J. S. Tupper), 40; Windsor, Aux., 2. Less expenses, 7.75,

178 59

Total,

178 59

### MASSACHUSETTS.

*Andover and Woburn Branch.*—Mrs. Chas. E. Swett, Treas. Andover, Union Aux., 23.25; Bedford, United Workers

Soc., 15; Lowell, A Friend, 1; Medford, Mystic Ch., Prim. Dept., S. S., 5, Union Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 5; Reading, C. E. S., 10, 59 25  
—M. H. S., 5, A Friend, 1, A Friend, 5, 11 00  
*Barnstable Branch.*—Miss Amelia Snow, Treas. Harwichport, S. S., Children's Off., Arbutus Sale, 2 12  
*Boston.*—Friend of Missions, 100 00  
*Essex North Branch.*—Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas. Haverhill, North Ch., Aux., 50; Pentucket, M. B., 15, Union Ch., C. E. S., 4, 69 00  
*Essex South Branch.*—Miss Sarah W. Clark, Treas. Beverly, Dane St. Ch., C. E. S., 30 00  
*Franklin Co. Branch.*—Miss Lucy A. Sparhawk, Treas. Hawley, Aux., 3.90; Shelburne, Aux. (of wh. 8.43 Th. Off.), 12.43; Sunderland, Jr. C. E. S., 3; West Hawley, Cong. Ch., 2.30; Whately, C. E. S., 10, 31 63  
*Hampshire Co. Branch.*—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas. Amherst, East, Aux., 2; Amherst, North, to const. L. M. Mrs. Annie F. Gaylord, 25; Amherst, South, Aux., 4; Easthampton, Aux., 25; Florence, Aux. (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Miss Alice Rice), 50; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 5.45; First Ch., Aux., 20; So. Hadley, Aux., 1.50, 132 95  
*Middlesex Branch.*—Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Ashland, C. E. S., 25; Holliston, Aux., 40; Lincoln, S. S., 20; Northboro, Aux., 1.50; Wellesley, Jr. C. E. S., 12, 98 50  
*Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.*—Miss Sarah B. Tirrell, Treas. Duxbury, Aux., Th. Off., 3.70; Easton, Aux., 10; Plymouth, Aux., 38.48; Scituate Centre, Aux., 25; So. Weymouth, Un. Ch., Aux., 7.45; Weymouth Heights, Friends, 5; Wollaston, Aux., 20, 109 63  
*Springfield Branch.*—Miss Harriet T. Buckingham, Treas. Holyoke, Second Ch. Aux., Th. Off., 40, I'll Try Band, 10; Palmer, Aux., 10; Springfield, Mem. Ch., Aux., Mrs. Emily F. Bissell, to const. L. M. Mrs. Simon Brooks, 25, Park Ch., Aux., 19, 104 00  
*Suffolk Branch.*—Miss Myra B. Child, Treas. Boston, Central Ch., Jr. Aux., 88.61, Adabazar M. C., 44.64; Brighton, Miss Elsie L. Travis, in mem. of Little Stanley, 3, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 27, Old South Ch., Aux., 769, Shawmut Ch., Y. L. Soc., Emily C. Wheeler, 19; Brookline, Harvard Ch., Aux., 50; Cambridge, First Ch., Aux., 30, North Ave. Ch., C. E. S., 10; Cambridgeport, Pilgrim Ch., Lad. Miss. Soc., 30; Chelsea, Pilgrim Band (of wh. 1.27 by four little boys, Carlton, Fred, Ralph, and Roger), 2.27; Dorchester, Mrs. R. J. Lord, 1, Central Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 1.66, Second Ch., Y. W.

M. S., 50; Hyde Park, Aux., 20.10, C. E. S., 10; Newton, Eliot Ch., C. E. S., 20; Newton Centre, First Ch., Aux., 80; Newton Highlands, Aux., 14.65; Roxbury, Walnut Ave. Ch., Aux., 100; Roslindale, Jr. C. E. S., 5; Somerville, C. E. P. and H. M. G., 2; Waltham, Carrier Pigeons, M. C., 20; West Newton, Aux., 25,	1,422 93
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. Minnie D. Tucker, Treas. Baldwinville, Mem. Ch., M. C., 3.50; Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch., Aux., 46.25; North Brookfield, Aux., 46.25; Ware, Aux., 25; Winchendon, prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Dwight Q. Mason, Miss Mary J. Parker, Miss Lulu K. Smith, Mrs. Almena Todd, Mrs. Hattie M. Weston; Worcester, Belmont Ch., Kindergarten, S. S., 4, Immanuel Ch., C. E. S. (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. Geo. S. Dodge), 44, Old So. Ch., C. E. S., 10, Pilgrim Ch., to const. L. M. Mrs. Ellen K. Bancroft, 25, Plymouth Ch., Aux., prev. contri. to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Lora B. Hoyt, Mrs. Henry Jerome,	204 00
Total,	2,375 01
RHODE ISLAND.	
<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Mrs. G. E. Luther, Treas. Barrington, Bayside Gleaners, M. C., 50; Bristol, Aux., 18; Kingston, C. E. S., 10; Pawtucket, Park Pl. Ch., Jr. C. E. S., 8.64; Providence, Beneficent Ch., Aux., 176.85, Highland Chapel, Jr. C. E. S., 5, Plymouth Ch., C. E. S., 2,	270 49
Total,	270 49
CONNECTICUT.	
<i>Eastern Conn. Branch.</i> —Miss Mary I. Lockwood, Treas. Abington, Aux., 2; New London, First Ch., Aux., 61.32, C. E. S., 16.23, Second Ch., Aux., 41.40; Norwich, Park Ch., Aux., 10.76; Pomfret, Aux., 13; Willimantic, Aux., 10; Woodstock, Earnest Workers, M. C., 5,	159 71
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas. Bristol, Aux., 25.25; Burnside, Long Hill Aux., 5; Coventry, Aux., 27.50; East Windsor, Aux., 10; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Aux., Mrs. Geo. Kellogg, 15, First Ch., Aux., 8, Prim. S. S., 5, Park Ch., Aux., 51, Pearl St. Ch., S. S., 50.76, Windsor Ave. Ch., Aux., 58.45; New Britain, South Ch., Aux., 59.39, S. S., 30; Poquonock, Aux., 1, Cheerful Givers, M. B., 25.32, Cradle Roll, 2; Terryville, Aux., 22, Mrs. Lois Gridley, 7.60; Tolland, Aux., 7; Windsor Locks, M. B., 10,	420 37
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Julia Twining, Treas. Barkhamsted, A Friend, 80 cts.; Bethel, Y. L. M. C., 30; Fairfield, Ladies' Missy Soc., 13.50; Kent, Aux., 43.50, C. E. S., 11; Litchfield, Aux., 31.22, Daisy Chain, M. C., 112; Middletown, First Ch., Aux. (of wh. 25 from a friend to const. L. M. Mrs. Etta Foster Eno), 53, South Ch., Aux., to const. L. M.'s Mrs. Elizabeth M. Bailey, Mrs. Clara I. Fisher, Mrs. Susan Inglis, Mrs. Edith D. Slanter, Mrs. Maria A. Ward, Mrs. Ellen M. Wells, 150; Naugatuck, Aux. (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. Howard Tuttle), 132.50; New Canaan, Aux., 40;	
New Hartford, North Ch., P. A. D. Band, 26.63; New Haven, Centre Ch., Aux., 42, Dwight Place, Fairbank M. C., 25, C. E. S., 18.72, Grand Ave. Ch., Self-Denials, M. C., 25; Norfolk, Aux., 16; Norwalk, Aux., 30; Prospect, Cong. Ch., 18, S. S., 7; Salisbury, Aux., 25; Sharon, C. E. S., 10; Southport, Lad. Miss. Soc., 16; Stratford, S. S., 25; Washington, Aux., 50.65; Waterbury, Second Ch., Aux., 132; Westbrook, Aux., 2; Winsted, Aux., 25,	1,121 52
Total,	1,701 60
NEW YORK.	
<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. Guilford Dudley, Treas. Albany, M. T. W., 6, First Ch., Aux., 40; Aquebogue, Aux., 7.60; Binghamton, Aux., 10; Brooklyn, Central Ch., Aux., 150, Lee Ave. Ch., Aux., 10, Lewis Ave. Ch., Earnest Workers, M. C., 34.32, Plymouth Ch., Y. W. Guild, 17.65, Puritan Ch., Aux., 55, M. B., 20, Tompkins Ave., King's Daughters, 80, S. S., 50; Ellington, Jr. C. E. S., 5; Elmira, Park Ch., Aux., 40; Flushing, Jr. C. E. S., 6.83; Gainesville, C. E. S., 2; Honeoye, Aux. (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. H. H. Reed), 65, C. E. S., 10; Java, Aux., 1; Massena, Aux., 7.25; New York, Bedford Park Ch., C. E. S., 10; North Collins, Aux., 6; Ogdensburg, Aux., 13; Oxford, Aux., to const. L. M. Mrs. Ward T. Sutherland, 25; Poughkeepsie, Aux., 36; Riverhead, Aux., 36, Friends, by Misses Woodhull, 86; Rodman, Aux., to const. L. M. Mrs. Emma Cooley, 25; Rochester, Mrs. Geo. W. Davison, 5, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 25; Saranac Lake, A Friend, 40 cts.; Sherburne, Aux. (of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. C. A. Fuller), 40, Little Lights, M. C., 10; Syracuse, Danforth Ch., C. E. S., 5; Presbytery (of wh. Fulton, Wom. Miss. Soc., 12; Skaneateles, Do What You Can Band, 11), 23; W. Bloomfield, 20,	982 95
Total,	982 95
FLORIDA.	
<i>Tavares.</i> —Aux.,	1 00
Total,	1 00
CALIFORNIA.	
<i>Santa Barbara.</i> —A Friend,	35
Total,	35
CANADA.	
<i>Quebec.</i> —Waterville, Lad. Miss. Soc.,	5 00
Total,	5 00
CHINA.	
<i>Foochow.</i> —Ella J. Newton, 5, Boarding School, C. E. S., 5,	10 00
Total,	10 00
TURKEY.	
<i>Harpoot.</i> —Wom. Miss. Soc.,	4 14
Total,	4 14
General Funds,	6,098 75
Gifts for Special Objects,	204 33
Variety Account,	61 72
Total,	\$6,364 80





## TURKEY.

### EXTRACTS FROM MRS. BALDWIN'S LETTER.

BROUSA, Jan. 18, 1897.

LAST week much anxiety and fear prevailed again because of rumors of another massacre at Trebizond, but our minds were set at rest last night by a few lines from Miss Crawford, that no such thing had happened.

One of my teachers, Miss Rebecca, was in Constantinople during those dreadful days in August, and we were not able to begin school till September 7th; even then only half the pupils came, on account of the great fear prevailing in the city. Things had begun to go smoothly when great consternation was caused by an order from the Pasha to the effect that Armenians were not to send their children to foreign schools.

The French and Russian Consuls immediately took such measures that the Pasha either denied that he had given such an order or failed to have it carried out.

For some time no traveling permits were issued for Armenians, and business became very much deranged, and people who had come to the place for only a few days, perhaps, were detained here till patience was well-nigh exhausted. Several teachers had come here for the vacation, and they were thus prevented from getting back to their work in time, and all our influence and efforts were unavailing to help them.

In these days, and even now, you would be surprised to see how much confidence the people have in our ability to help them, when sometimes it is only a word of sympathy that we can give, but still they come.

Miss Rebecca's sister, who suffered so terribly in the Arabkir massacres, finally got back to Constantinople with her two little children.

The month of November will not soon be forgotten. The last day of October, late in the afternoon, three houses were simultaneously searched, and

that in a way contrary to law, and without any charge being made three of our young men were thrown into prison, two belonging to our Protestant church, and the third, though nominally a Gregorian, has lately accepted the position of teacher of our boys' school.

The town was shocked as if by an earthquake, and no one knew who next would be subjected to such indignities. (I wish I had time to describe the searching of one of the houses which was almost directly opposite to us. It would make your blood boil.) The whole story in detail would interest you exceedingly,—but I forbear. In vain was proof searched for that they had been guilty of any offense against the government; enemies abounded, but they were put to shame, but as the case dragged on from day to day and there was danger of their being sent off to Constantinople, or something worse, the grief of their families was hard to witness.

In the meantime my husband thought best to go to Constantinople again, and toward the end of the month they were released on bail, on condition of appearing at government headquarters once a day, and forbidden expressly to leave the city. This last restriction was not withdrawn until Saturday evening, January 16th, though the general amnesty had been an interesting topic in the European papers for weeks, and probably in American papers too.

A few moments ago I learned that the government demands a photograph of each, and one at least has been obliged to take an oath of fidelity to the government. Of course the others will have to do the same.

From the 12th to the 20th Mr. Baldwin was in Constantinople, and on his return brought with him a German countess, who had come to the East to see what could be done for some of the numberless orphans.

After her visit we had another from a Swiss gentleman with the same object in view, and wishing, if possible, to unite the present orphanage, which is full to overflowing, and the new enterprise under one administration. This, however, has not been accomplished, and our mission felt that longer delay was neither wise nor kind, so they have authorized us to open the orphanage at once, and to this we have been directing our energies lately.

Mr. Baldwin went to Constantinople again in December, conferred with the missionaries and English friends there, bought a supply of bedding, blankets, etc. We did what we could in term time, and threw ourselves into the work in earnest last week when our day school had vacation.

The Crawfords, Miss Cull, and all who have been interested formerly in the school, are delighted to have the buildings used for this charitable purpose. I am sure you will share these feelings with us. Our native pastor and his family have moved to that part of the city, and are at present in the school building with the seventeen orphans whom we have gathered as a be-

ginning; and when the number increases so as to crowd them out the family can move into the adjoining mission house.

Five days last week, from early morning till late, I was there working as hard as I could, and you can imagine the genuine satisfaction with which I helped prepare the beds and do what I could for the comfort of these children, orphaned in such a heartrending way. We have ten from Arabkir, two from Ergingian, and five from a village nearer home, where there was a repetition, on a smaller scale, of what we have grown so used to reading about in the more remote regions.

One Arabkir girl is so ill from the effects of fright, starvation, and exposure that I fear even the best of nursing will not spare her to us. Saturday I was busy for them in another way, and to-day being Christmas, I thought we would hold up a little. I wish you could have seen their eyes brighten when we put shoes and stockings on their feet. Some of them who had been waiting at the other orphanage a few weeks had on a proper suit of clothes, but for the others we could do nothing but give them a bath and put their old garments on again, as we had no clothing ready. A day or two after Mrs. Newell sent us some ready-made garments, and they were welcome indeed, and we have material to make up as soon as we can enlist friends to help us.

We had to get the building in order so that the pastor's family could come in, and then thought that food and bedding took precedence of clothes. This week we plan to attend to this.

Beatrice, our first graduate, is helping in the day school, and now Surpoohi, the second, will have charge of the schoolroom at the Orphanage. She seems delighted at the prospect of teaching these children.

Mr. Baldwin thinks he can find room for sixty, and now that the work has begun, our missionaries will be sending them on from the devastated regions. Next term Beatrice will have to live with us, so as to be near the school, and the pastor plans to give us two more sisters as boarders. They are well on in their course and are promising pupils. I should be sorry to lose them. Our number has kept up remarkably well, considering the fact of so many families leaving Brousa. I have not the roll book at hand, but the number does not fall much below fifty, as several new girls have come in, mostly from Gregorian families. There has been a spirit of study in the school such as we have not seen before, and hence progress is being made.

The other teachers work in great harmony, and all are with me in their desires and efforts for the moral and spiritual welfare of the girls.

Through the term we scarcely let ourselves think of what we should do for the children; at the last it seemed as if we could not plan even a week

ahead, but when study weeks had all been filled up from September 7th to January 7th, we felt that they must have a bright day, and they had it; even the weather was like spring. Your gifts and the nice supply of scrap-books and music, together with the contents of a small box from my sister, arrived in good time, and in order to specially please the girls we had a tree. We had never had one in this school before, and many of the pupils had never more than heard of one. The teachers helped me, and our spare time for a week was well filled up, but not a whisper escaped as to what was going on.

As usual, we prepared Christmas songs and an exercise in which nearly everyone had some part.

On Thursday evening, after dark, we had the tree and the baskets of fruit carried to the schoolroom. Mr. Baldwin set it in place, on the platform, and next morning the teachers had it well trimmed before I got there to do my share. We put the room in order, locked it up, and came home, so as to go back at noon, which was the time fixed for our closing exercises.

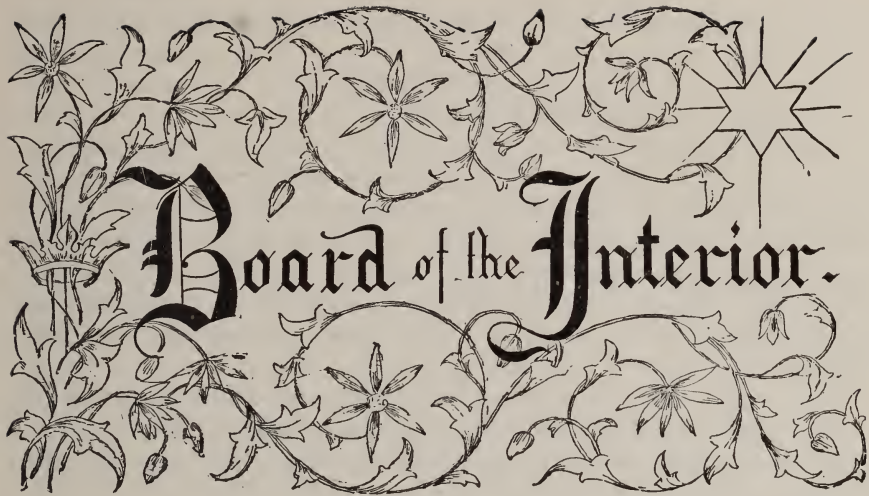
What a surprise! What a glad time! The exercises were mostly in English, so we had united the native friends who could understand that language, and also the boys' school with their teacher. What a pretty sight it was! I wish you could have been here with us. The regular scholars at their desks, the boys on settees on the right side as you entered the room, with their teacher, and the pastor, and missionary, and a few other gentlemen. On the left side the piano and ladies. In front of all the Christmas-tree, surmounted by a large gilt star that just touched the ceiling.

The three teachers were in their places, an interesting trio, and the writer here, there, and everywhere, the happiest of all. There must have been about ninety in the room. At the close of the exercises of music, singing, and recitations, the tree was spoiled of its fruit, distributed to the expectant ones, and, in fact, no one was forgotten.

The American fruit was most prized, of course. There were cards and bright bags of candy for all boys and girls, or warm tippets for each of the boys, while the girls' gifts were more varied, — dolls, aprons, fans, work baskets, needle-cases, stationery, toys, fancy articles, hair ribbons, scrap-books, Testaments, hymn-books, puzzles, balls, and the like. They each said, "Thank you," when their names were called, and they came up to receive their gifts; but at the close, when I asked them what I should say to American friends who had sent the fruit from so far, the hearty response from all the voices together was, "Thank you! thank you!"

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We can smile in loss as we smiled in gain,  
And we thank Thee, Lord of the year, for the good,  
And we bless thee for the pain.



LETTER FROM MISS LIZZIE S. WEBB.

ADANA, TURKEY, Jan. 15, 1897.

WE are having a vacation of eight days, taking in the New Year (old style) on the 17th and the Armenian Christmas on the 18th. It is *such* a relief to have the house quiet and to sit down to a table with only our own family. It is not quite this, for the two Greek teachers are with us; but the eight girls who eat at our table are all in their homes, and there is a great difference between a family of six and one of fourteen.

I think I told you that we opened our family table to any who could pay enough for it. This year we have eight, and were obliged to refuse applicants, as our dining room will not hold any more. What we are to do another year I don't know.

There are thirty girls and teachers in the boarding department and about 150 in all departments of the school.

Since beginning this letter I have had a trip to Tarsus on horseback, where I took lunch with Yester Hanum, Mrs. Coffing's teacher. You know she is the wife of the Tarsus preacher now. Afterwards the preacher and I called at the homes of all our Tarsus girls. After spending the night with Mrs. Christie we came back the next morning. The trip did me ever so much good. My sister succeeded in making about sixty calls during the vacation. I was kept in by my cold, so only made about twenty. Now we are in the round of school work again.

*January 25th.*

All day I have been trying to find a chance to finish this. Our weekly school prayer meeting comes to-day, the last hour in the afternoon, and this kept me busy until school was out; but after the day scholars were gone I took my pen and had finished one line when a knock came! Some relatives of one of the girls wanted to see the building. But while the girl had gone to bring them up, another knock, and a poor woman came in and threw herself on the floor at my feet. Finally she told her story. Her husband was killed in the massacre near Harpoot last year, and she has wandered down here with her three little children, among utter strangers, and with no one to look to for support. She can earn from two to three cents a day in picking cotton from the husks, but that is not enough to keep them from being hungry.

In the interior they must see hundreds and even thousands of just such cases. I don't see how they endure the unspeakable sadness of it all. I took this woman to one of our deacons, who promised to look into the matter, and gave a very little to keep her from being hungry to-night.

From there I went to see a blind woman who is desperately poor, and now sick in bed. By the time I came back supper was ready, and now it is evening.

I promised to write about our Sunday school. Our numbers still keep up to three hundred or more, notwithstanding that Mr. Mead has started a branch school which numbers nearly a hundred.

The last Sunday of the year we took them upstairs for an "examination" before the congregation. We had it just at noon,—an hour and a half after the morning service,—thinking in this way to escape a crowd; but the crowd came even at that hour. There was not a particle of spare room, and a great many stood all through the service.

The children had been studying the lives of Elijah and Elisha. The large pictures were hung in front of the pulpit and each class was prepared on a certain lesson, each teacher preparing the questions for his own lesson, so there was quite a variety in the methods.

The lesson on Naboth's vineyard was rather the most striking, the whole thing being made up of a dialogue between Ahab and Jezebel. Of course each one in the class must have something to say, so the Ahabs and Jezebels changed personages from time to time. They were arranged facing each other, all the Jezebels in one line and all the Ahabs in another.

Don't imagine I knew anything about it. It was a surprise even to me, but the audience evidently enjoyed it and never thought of smiling.

The singing was as hearty as ever. Sometimes I cannot help wishing it

were a little less hearty and a little more in tune. We have a kindergarten class of fifty, and the song they sang alone was the best of all,—a Turkish translation of

“Who is He in yonder stall  
At whose feet the shepherds fall?”

I wish you could have seen them. They sat on the pulpit platform, and their bright faces did make a pretty picture.

Each class has a little bag for its money, and these yielded \$22.50 as the result of three months' effort. They give this for the support of the city kindergarten. The rest of the year they are going to work for the support of a preacher in Missis, a village eighteen miles away. There are not many Protestants in the village, and they are very poor. Our appropriations are so cut down that we can only give him \$5.00 a month; so this help from the Sunday school will mean a great deal to him.

Three weeks ago a very sad thing happened in our Sunday school. A little girl had left her shoes in the entry, and when it came time to go some one had walked off with her shoes and left an old, worn-out pair of sandals in their place. I talked to the children about the sin of stealing, and tried to find the thief, but without success. . . . Don't forget to pray for us. I so long for a special blessing on our school! . . .

The retiring bell has rung. Good-night, and good-by for the present.

[Our readers perhaps do not need reminding that the smiling band in the pulpit above mentioned were seated upon the floor, and that it was in accordance with Turkish custom for the little girl to leave her shoes in the entry before passing into the church.]

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## TARSUS.

A side-light upon Miss Webb's letter is the following from Conybeare and Howson's "Life of Paul":—

“THOUGH a cloud rests on the actual year of Paul's birth, and the circumstances of his father's household must be left to imagination, we have the great satisfaction of knowing the exact features of the scenery in the midst of which his childhood was spent. The plain, the mountain, the river, and the sea still remain to us. The rich harvests of corn still grow luxuriantly after the rains in spring. The same tents of goat's hair are still seen covering the plains in the busy harvest. There is the same solitude and silence in the intolerable heat and dust of summer. Then, as now, the mothers and children of Tarsus went out in the cool evenings and looked from the gardens round the city or from their terraced roofs upon the heights of Taurus. The same sunset lingered on the pointed summits. The same shadows

gathered in the deep ravines. The river Cydnus has suffered some changes in the course of eighteen hundred years. Instead of rushing, as in the time of Xenophon, like the Rhone at Geneva, in a stream of two hundred feet broad through the city, it now flows idly past it on the east. The channel which floated the ships of Antony and Cleopatra is now filled up, and wide, unhealthy lagoons occupy the place of the ancient docks. But its upper waters still flow, as formerly, cold and clear from the snows of Taurus, and its waterfalls still break over the same rocks, when the snows are melting, like the Rhine at Schaffhausen."

The only works of man's hand remaining in Tarsus from Paul's time to the present are an arched stone gateway,—a triumphal arch, it might be called,—mosaic palace floors which were excavated at a depth of thirty feet below the street level, and foundations of several Roman palaces (among them Mark Antony's), with here and there the marble capital of an ancient pillar built into the adobe or limestone walls of a modern hut.

From a height just outside the town one looks northward to the Taurus Mountains (crossed by the gorge which for ages has borne the name of "The Cilician Gates") and eastward to "The Syrian Gates,"—leading into Syria,—while to the south the Mediterranean is often seen at sunrise or sunset.

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"SEND HER AWAY, FOR SHE CRIETH AFTER US."

MARY FORD HENNISEE.

Armenia's still crying. "Lord help me!" she saith.

"Help me, men,—brothers,—God!" is her agonized cry.

Tho' alien in language yet kindred in faith,

"O Christians!" she calls, "see, I suffer, I die!"

Our couches are soft and our paintings are rare,

Our culture refined both in work and in play;

It troubles us sorely, this cry of despair,—

"Send her away, Master, send her away!"

Our time is so full of our own petty cares,

It pains us to know of those woes far away,—

We plunge into pleasure, we stop up our ears,

And say to the Master, "Oh, send her away!"

But no; for her crying is still in our ears,—

He bids us to heed it through seeming delay;

And know ye, He counteth her sighs and her tears:

"Heed and help," saith the Master, not "send her away."



## DOES GOD HEAR PRAYER?

MARY PAGE WRIGHT.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN, of the Arcot Mission in India, answers this question from experience in the volume, "In the Tiger Jungle" (published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, and Toronto; \$1.00).

In 1863 he was crossing a flooded, thorny ratan jungle with four Indian preachers and thirty-six coolies, bearing loads of Bibles and tracts. The first day the bearers deserted, but securing others he pushed on, watching sharply for any signs of desertion.

About four o'clock in the afternoon he thought he saw increased uneasiness in the caravan. He stopped to review them at a bend in the footpath, and found two missing. A leap into the bushes across the angle made by the path, his navy revolver at a cooly's ear and the shout, "What are you doing?" just as the two men were throwing down their loads and springing into the jungle! They leaped back, caught up their burdens, joined the caravan, and reported that just as they were leaving, the *dhowa* had jumped down from the clouds on horseback with his "six-eyed gun." This in their eyes was supernatural. There was no more danger of their desertion, but danger enough of other sorts.

They learned from passing huntsmen that a flooded stream barred them from their camping ground. The sun was but an hour high. Tigers, waiting only for night to attack them, could be heard roaring even then. The missionary fell back and prayed as his pony plashed on through the mud; and an answer came distinctly to him, though unheard, "Turn to the left, to the Godávery, and you will find rescue."

He questioned the guides. They knew of no help at the river, no place for camping on that side, no boat, no timber dry enough for rafts.

"March on! I will consider what to do."

Again he fell back and prayed, with the same answer in the same words. A second appeal to the guides brought no light. But now at the left a path appeared leading toward the river. Again after prayer came that message, distinct, yet inaudible, "Turn to the left, to the Godávery, and you will find rescue."

They turned to the left to the river, a mile away, and found there a government flat boat large enough to contain the whole caravan. It had drifted that morning from its place spite of all efforts of the men in charge, who said: "We have fought all day to keep it from coming here. It seemed as if it were possessed. Don't have us punished for letting it come here; we could not help it."

Like Abraham's servant, Dr. Chamberlain "bowed down his head and worshiped the Lord" at this means of rescue, and he closes his description—full of thrilling details which could not be given here—with the words, "Some who have not tested it may sneer and doubt; *but we five know that God hears prayer.*"

The foreign names and the wild scenery of the tale add to our impression of the supernatural as we read; but in our own land, too, scores of praying hearts know, as Dr. Chamberlain did, that God incites to prayer and answers it, so giving us a share in his work. I have forgotten the date and the exact place of the breakdown, but I remember well the awed face of the Christian woman who told me that about three o'clock one night she waked suddenly, and while wide awake seemed to see a stagecoach descending an awful mountain road with a precipice at one side. Her brother's face appeared, and she lifted her heart in prayer for his safety; then seemed to see the stage overturned, but did not see what became of her brother. The scene was so vivid that she could but pray fervently for him, though she did not think of it as a divine invitation to aid him by her prayers until a letter came describing his escape from just such danger at the very same hour, allowing for difference of time between Wisconsin and the Pacific Slope.

I know another Christian woman, who waked one night with the thought, indeed the very words, in mind, "Pray for —. She is in danger." The thought that — was in danger of disgrace gave fervor to her prayers, until, just as distinctly as before, the words seemed to reach her (she did not think she heard them), "The danger is over. Go to sleep!"

For months she reproached herself for unworthy suspicions whenever she recalled those prayers; but afterwards — came and told her in confidence that the danger that night had been all too real, but that she had passed it safely.

Such cases as these are not necessary to faith. We have, as Peter said, comparing the evidence of miracle and of Scripture (2d Peter i. 19), "the more sure word of prophecy." Yet to those who have seen the tearful faces and heard the awed tones of those who tell them, they add weight to the conviction, "God does indeed hear prayer."

This truth reinforces our missionary efforts, for by prayer we may aid—and that immediately—those who are far distant, "even unto the uttermost parts of the earth;" and it furnishes ground for such messages as that recently sent by a missionary in Turkey, "We are living upon the prayers of our friends."

## EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

## JAPAN.

THE CALENDAR.—I have had two nice letters and a calendar from you. I thank you very much for your kind thought of me. How carefully and beautifully it is gotten up! Some one has spent much time and pains on it. Perhaps several had a hand in it. The pictures are splendidly executed, I think Miss Dudley's especially.

BURIAL OF THE EMPRESS DOWAGER.—If you were here you would be interested in the curious period of mourning for the Empress Dowager, who died the 11th of January. There has been an outward display of national grief somewhat after European custom. For fifteen days black streamers floated beside the flags put out at entrances. Then the streamers were looped up to half mourning. To-morrow the remains will leave Tokyo for Kyoto, when the streamers will be let down full length. Also a bit of black, coarse cloth is worn pinned on the left sleeve near the shoulder. Nothing flashy or ornamental is allowed. Music and entertainments are forbidden.

Great preparations are made for the interment. For a time three thousand coolies were at work on the vault. The burial is to take place at night, according to ancient custom. One old carpenter who assisted in the construction of the "hearse" for Emperor Komei, thirty years ago, was found, who could undertake to make one like that. An important thing about said hearse, which is an immense ox cart, is that the big wheels must give out a peculiar groaning sound as they revolve. Great pains were taken to find the right oxen to pull the cart. A flecked black and white one, a dun colored one, and a black one, seem to be the right make-up, and of course go tandem. Little piles of sand are put along the middle of the road the procession is to go over, and will be spread evenly, to make it a completely fresh, new road. Tubs of water are out at every door, which seems to be an ancient custom at such a time, with purification meaning, though some say it is meant in case of fire.

We are asked to keep our front blinds closed for five days, also to have no large fire made in the house that would send up a noticeable smoke from the chimneys. The streets on which the procession will go are to be draped in black, and no lights nor fires are to be allowed.

This coming Sunday evening at six o'clock the remains will be taken to their last resting-place, a vault eighteen feet deep. All business, schools, meetings, must cease on that day and the next. And furthermore, only those can be spectators of the procession who are dressed after a certain fashion, no head wear, shawls, or overcoats being allowed.

## MEXICO.

Miss Prescott writes from Parral, Mexico :—

WE are just receiving the finishing touches of the rainy season. Last week we scarcely saw the sun at all; this week it has not rained so much. The mornings and evenings are growing quite chilly, and it is natural that we should use the sun for heat. Wood is so expensive that we use as little of it as possible. We have never had a fire in school till last winter. The house we have rented for this year has no glass in the windows and no place for a fire. We have not decided what will be the most economical plan to make ourselves comfortable.

Of the forty-nine pupils we have enrolled, twenty-three are boys. Perhaps you know it is not customary for boys and girls to be in school together in Mexico, and we have been criticised quite severely for having both sexes, but I feel as if we have been successful, and that there will be in time a change in the public, and other private, schools.

Our attendance has been quite small during the past week on account of the cold, wet weather: the children who have shoes and stockings are the ones to suffer most at such times. They don't seem to realize that wetting the feet will do them any harm if their heads are only kept dry. Those who are accustomed to go barefooted at all times of the year, and in all kinds of weather, do not take cold so easily. Some of my boys have never had a shoe on, and of course their feet are not very sensitive, but when they have to keep them on our cold stone floors for several hours at a time, they begin in the cold weather to sit on them. I try not to see them, because I feel sorry for them, and still I cannot encourage that way of conducting themselves in company.

We are so crowded now that I doubt if there will be room for feet in seats this winter. We received a small gift from a Willing Society of little children a few days ago, and I have been thinking we would have some more seats made.

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### WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

Mrs. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS FROM FEBRUARY 10 TO MARCH 10, 1897.

<table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr><td>ILLINOIS . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">\$813 79</td></tr> <tr><td>INDIANA . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">8 84</td></tr> <tr><td>IOWA . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">788 52</td></tr> <tr><td>KANSAS . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">54 17</td></tr> <tr><td>MICHIGAN . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">387 93</td></tr> <tr><td>MINNESOTA . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">241 72</td></tr> <tr><td>MISSOURI . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">54 65</td></tr> <tr><td>MONTANA . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">2 00</td></tr> <tr><td>NORTH DAKOTA . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">33 75</td></tr> <tr><td>OHIO . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">272 71</td></tr> <tr><td>SOUTH DAKOTA . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">35 83</td></tr> <tr><td>WISCONSIN . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">184 17</td></tr> <tr><td>JAPAN . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">5 00</td></tr> <tr><td>OKLAHOMA . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">2 50</td></tr> </table>	ILLINOIS . . . . .	\$813 79	INDIANA . . . . .	8 84	IOWA . . . . .	788 52	KANSAS . . . . .	54 17	MICHIGAN . . . . .	387 93	MINNESOTA . . . . .	241 72	MISSOURI . . . . .	54 65	MONTANA . . . . .	2 00	NORTH DAKOTA . . . . .	33 75	OHIO . . . . .	272 71	SOUTH DAKOTA . . . . .	35 83	WISCONSIN . . . . .	184 17	JAPAN . . . . .	5 00	OKLAHOMA . . . . .	2 50	<table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr><td>MISCELLANEOUS . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">\$176 57</td></tr> <tr><td>Receipts for the month . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">3,063 15</td></tr> <tr><td>Previously acknowledged . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">11,245 43</td></tr> <tr><td>Total since Oct. 21, 1896 . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right; border-top: 1px solid black;">\$14,308 58</td></tr> <tr><td colspan="2" style="text-align: center;">ARMENIAN RELIEF FUND.</td></tr> <tr><td>Received this month . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">\$19 85</td></tr> <tr><td>Already forwarded . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right;">260 02</td></tr> <tr><td>Whole amount for Armenian Relief since Oct. 21, 1896 . . . . .</td><td style="text-align: right; border-top: 1px solid black;">\$279 67</td></tr> </table>	MISCELLANEOUS . . . . .	\$176 57	Receipts for the month . . . . .	3,063 15	Previously acknowledged . . . . .	11,245 43	Total since Oct. 21, 1896 . . . . .	\$14,308 58	ARMENIAN RELIEF FUND.		Received this month . . . . .	\$19 85	Already forwarded . . . . .	260 02	Whole amount for Armenian Relief since Oct. 21, 1896 . . . . .	\$279 67
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Mrs. ALFRED B. WILLCOX, Ass't Treas.

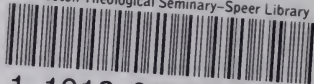


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